

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE RAND SCHOOL of Social Science, located in the People's House at 7 East 15th Street, New York City, has been unlawfully raided by the Lusk Investigating Committee and its agents, its property damaged, garbled quotations from its correspondence published broadcast, to the great detriment of the school in the minds of the public who know nothing of its well-established educational work in Socialism and allied subjects now in existence for thirteen years.

The school and its officers and teachers have been denied any hearing to present their side of the case and therefore are obliged to appeal to the people of the United States for the simplest right of self-defense.

Protests are being heard from many quarters. The following, from sources not in agreement with the theories taught by the school, may be cited:

From the *New York World* Editorial, July 10, 1919. Democrat.

"It is time for it (the Lusk Committee) to call a halt on itself and stick close to the business it was created to do. Its duty is to conduct an inquiry and to prepare a report to the Legislature as a guide to future action. It is not a tribunal expressly for the conviction of persons whose opinions its members dislike. In making itself judge, jury and prosecuting attorney it forgets its proper functions. It is solely a committee of investigation, with limited powers, which it seems none too well qualified to exercise."

From *The New Republic*, July 9, 1919 Liberal Weekly.

"Shall an instrument of oppression drawn from the repertory of the star chamber, used by the notorious Chief Justice Scroggs, denounced by the courts a century and a half ago, assailed by our colonial forbears as destructive of liberty and law, and condemned by the Supreme Court as 'abhorrent to the instincts of an American'—shall such an instrument be revived in the twentieth century under a constitution and form of government dedicated to liberty and justice?"

From the *New York Evening Post*, July 9, 1919. Republican.

"The proceedings [of the Committee] have been loose. Speeches by Bolshevik agitators and anarchist pamphlets found in the lobby of the Public Library are bundled into a blanket indictment against a Socialist institution of long standing, and, in general, against a party, unquestionably radical, which nevertheless has polled heavy votes in the nation and the city for many years."

From Samuel Untermyer, Esq., to Hon. Clayton R. Lusk, Chairman Lusk Committee:

"Although it is well-known that I am a pronounced anti-Socialist because of my conviction that the governmental policies of Socialism are not practicable and workable and that as a constructive programme it is little more than an iridescent dream, I have, always realized that the Socialist Party has been of great service and is destined to be of still greater service in curbing and correcting the greed and injustice of the capitalistic system and that its usefulness as an opposition party has been fully vindicated."

"If you believe that these outrages against the proverbial American sense of fair play and your persistent refusal to give these people an opportunity to be heard will be tolerated, that they will not react against the repute and usefulness of your Committee, you little understand the American spirit."

All public spirited citizens who agree with the protests voiced above and desire to assist the Rand School in its desperate fight not only for its own right to exist, but for the right of the most fundamental constitutional protection for the people of the United States and their institutions, are invited to send in the attached slip with contribution.

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A FORTNIGHTLY

Women in British Industry

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1917, before the Armistice, the British War Cabinet appointed a Committee to enquire into the relations which ought to exist between men and women in industry. Like most government committees, this body was created not because the Government was possessed of forethought, but purely as a means of escape from an immediate embarrassment. Throughout the war, grievances and promises connected with women's employment had been accumulating at about the same rate. As the shortage of men's labor made the employment of women more and more necessary, the Government attempted to make up for the deficiency of munitions by increasing the output of promises, and rather ambiguously worded guarantees of equal pay and conditions were lavishly accorded. These promises, however, were never completely kept, and from 1915 to 1918 the Trade Unions fought a long series of battles for the purpose of securing their observance. The biggest single group of grievances arose out of a singularly dishonest subterfuge adopted by the Government. Even when it was admitted that women were guaranteed, by agreement and even by legal enactment, equal time rates with men, they were refused the same advances upon these rates, on the ground that war advances were not increases in rates and therefore were not included in the promise.

It was out of a number of disputes centered principally upon this question that the War Cabinet Committee arose. Big strikes were averted by the promise of a full enquiry followed by redress of grievances. The Government, however, formed its committee in a very peculiar way. A judge of the High Court was made Chairman, and of the other members all except one, Mrs. Sidney Webb, were paid officials of the Government—a fact which made the Committee a singularly unsuitable body to pass judgment upon the Government's alleged misdeeds. The result is what might have been expected. The Majority Report, signed by all the members except Mrs. Webb, plentifully whitewashes the Government and absolves it of all blame for the breach of pledges, while Mrs. Webb in her Minority Report delivers a trenchant and convincing attack upon the Government's perfidy.

These matters, however, now that hostilities are over, belong rather to the past than to the present and the main interest attaches to the recommendations dealing with the future status and conditions of employment of women in industry. Here again there are two reports, one signed by the reactionary and official Majority, and the other signed by Mrs. Webb alone. In two respects the difference in starting point between these two reports is very great. The majority set out explicitly to examine and discuss the conditions of women's work as a peculiar and isolated phenomenon, as if it were an anomaly that women should work at all. Mrs. Webb, on the other hand, sets out to examine first the conditions of employment as they affect both sexes, and proceeds on that basis to deal with the relations which should exist between them. In the second place—and this perhaps follows from the first point—the Majority assume throughout that sex differentiation is desirable, whereas Mrs. Webb proceeds on the assumption that, particular questions apart, sex is as irrelevant to industrial employment as color of hair or length of arm.

We are confronted, then, on practically every important point, with a flat contradiction, in both attitude and proposal, between the two reports. This, however, is not because the Majority is frankly and openly reactionary. The length to which it advances towards the verbal expression of progressive ideas is very eloquent of the change in the sex atmosphere which the last few years have produced. Even the Majority of today declares in words for the principle of "equal pay," though its proposals would depart far enough from that principle when they were actually carried into effect.

The Majority adopts the catch-phrase "Equal pay for equal work" and, by a series of glosses, make this formula read "Equal pay for equal work in quantity and quality at equal cost to the employer." It holds that women should receive the same pay as men where they turn out as much work, do it as well, and do not cost the employer more than men in supervision, overhead charges, etc.

Mrs. Webb, on the other hand, treating men and women together, stands out for the principle of the occupational rate or the rate for the job, no

matter whether the job is done by a man or a woman. This, as the Majority admits, was the claim put before the Committee by the men's and women's Trade Unions alike, which see in it the only safeguard against the sweating of women and the undercutting of men's conditions by female labor. It was the universal opinion of the Trade Union witnesses, as it is the opinion of Mrs. Webb, that the "equal pay for equal work" proposals of the Majority would be wholly ineffective in practice, and that, if once the door was opened to the sex-discrimination which they contemplate in both time-rates and piece-rates, all pretense at equality would very soon disappear, and the wage relations between the sexes would continue to be governed by the mainly customary, and wholly unjust, considerations by which they have been governed in the past. In practice, if the principle of sex-discrimination is once admitted, all safeguards, except those based on economic strength, are destroyed.

The Majority takes objection to Mrs. Webb's proposal of no discrimination, or equal time and piece rates, on the ground that it would have the effect of restricting greatly the sphere of women's employment, which it is desirable and necessary to increase in the interests of greater production. Mrs. Webb admits that it would have this tendency in certain cases, but holds that it would lead to the specialization of the sexes in those occupations for which they are most-fitted, and that this specialization is greatly to be desired in the interests of industrial efficiency. Moreover, Mrs. Webb agrees with the view, which was put before the Committee by myself and many other Labor witnesses, that it is desirable to encourage women's employment only where it can be assured that no degradation in the standard of life will take place in consequence of their introduction.

The question of "equal pay," whatever formula may be adopted, inevitably concerns primarily those occupations in which men and women are employed side by side. But from this question the Committee was inevitably led on to a discussion of the general levels of men's and women's wages and to the consideration of proposals for a minimum wage. Both Majority and Minority make recommendations on this point; but, here again, their proposals are widely different. The Majority recommends a minimum wage legally enacted for women only, and based on the cost of subsistence for a single woman without dependents. Mrs. Webb proposes a universal minimum wage applicable to both sexes.

As soon as the Committee began to discuss the legal minimum wage, it found itself involved in a much bigger question, that of state provision for dependents. The Committee itself collected no evi-

dence on the number of women workers in industry having persons dependent upon them; but there was a quite remarkable conflict of evidence in the data collected by previous investigators which the Committee had before it. It was at least shown that a large proportion of male workers have no dependents, and that a considerable body of women workers have dependents—facts that must be considered in relation to the national minimum wage.

But, if wages are to bear any relation to the number of dependents, a very great difficulty arises. If wages continue to be paid by the private employer, it then pays him to employ workers with as few dependents as possible. If he follows this policy, the consequences for the community are disastrous; for those are flung out of work who have most others dependent upon them. It is therefore clear that no system of making wages vary with the number of dependents is possible except in state employment, and that the whole problem of payment for dependents, if it is to be dealt with at all, must be dealt with by the state out of national funds and as a matter wholly distinct from the payment of wages. The Majority half-sees this, but contents itself with vague proposals that the whole question should be further considered: Mrs. Webb realizes the full implications of the proposal for a universal minimum, and its far-reaching consequences for the wage-system as a whole.

The position is, indeed, very difficult. The demand of women for the abandonment of all sex-discrimination in industrial conditions is growing very strong. It is now usually opposed on the ground that a man must receive a "family" wage, while a woman need only earn enough to support herself. This, however, is both manifestly unfair on those women who have dependents and more than fair to those men who have not. It is also a royal road to the undercutting of men by women's labor, and consequently to a general degradation in the standard of life. Yet the adoption of absolutely equal pay will serve to emphasize more than ever the injustice of paying a single man or woman as much as a large family. In the public services, such as teaching, it may be possible, as the report suggests, to redress the balance by allowances for dependents, though even here, unless the whole cost of such allowances was borne by the national exchequer, there would be a dangerous inducement to employ only teachers without dependents. But there is clearly no such way out in private industry.

Both reports, therefore, lead to the threshold of a problem which they do not solve, though Mrs. Webb gets considerably nearer to the solution than the Majority. I myself believe that the only way out lies in the proposal put forward by the State

Bonus League, a new organization which has been making considerable progress in this country. It proposes a direct and unconditional allowance from state funds to every person—man, woman, or child—in the country, a basic minimum income below which no one, in or out of work, can in any circumstances fall. Given this or a similar system of universal minimum provision, the way would be clear for the smooth working in industry of a policy based on Mrs. Webb's formula of occupational rates without sex discrimination.

Of course, the State Bonus is not an easy solution. It involves at once a redistribution of a considerable proportion of the total national income, and the allocation among the community on the

basis of need. It may be that it would break the wage-system as a whole; and I, for one, think that it would, and say, "so much the better." But, however this may be, the enquiry into the relations between men's and women's wages and conditions has revealed two things: first, the obsolete customary manner in which women's wages have hitherto been determined, and secondly, the fact that the growing challenge to sex injustices by men and women alike is bound to raise problems far wider than those immediately presented for discussion. The issue, once raised, cannot but call in question the structure and purpose of the wage-system as a whole.

G. D. H. COLE.

Two Canals

The old canal forlorn, forsaken crawls,
Its locks decayed and its low water stirred
By minnows, all its past ensepulchred
In whispering walls.

Here mystery holds the moments with delight.
The banks are dark with groves; the paths, half blotted,
Struggle along the edges bramble-knotted,
Scentful as night.

The rough-hewn chasm is never entered now.
The steep walls, viny with forgetfulness,
Out from their crevices push flower and cress
And greening bough.

And parallel, and half a mile away,
The new canal, a broad deep channel, reaches
Across the prairie where the sunshine bleaches
The grass all day.

Its lines are open to the eye and clear.
New minds laid out the granite with new science,
And new invention wrought for time's defiance
The perfect gear.

Soon it shall bear high steamers on its breast;
Soon, with the shedding forth of its renown,
River shall tell to river, town to town
The world's unrest.

Ah, but a tree, a vine, a rose? Not one!
The banks stretch out monotonous and bare.
Naked and smooth the peerless walls upglare
When the day is done.

Modernity, build strong! The price we know.
Bring to the land new steel, new stone, new faces!
But it's in the crannies of the old, old places
The flowers grow.

AGNES LEE.

Collective Bargaining in Politics

"COLLECTIVE BARGAINING" and "the socialization of the means of production" are the two phrases most familiar in discussions of the international labor movement. Now that war and revolution have restated the Marxian formula with new implications, the gap has perceptibly widened between the American trade-unionist content with collective bargaining, and the proletariat of Europe, ambitious to achieve the control of industry.

From the earliest days of the A. F. of L., the American labor movement has been predominantly economic—or better, mercantilistic—in character. Its ideals have been those of the tradesman—its mechanism that of the trust. To sell labor in a monopolized market; to meet combination with stronger combination and thus to secure a "fair" share of the product of industry—that is to say, a share commensurate with the strength of the labor group: such are the aims that hold craft unionism everlastingly within a system that deals in labor as it deals in logs—a system born blind to the possibility of the control of industry by the workers.

The Great War gave to American trade unionism a recognized place in the established order of industry. From the conflict Mr. Gompers and Mr. Wilson emerged blood brothers in the business of defending things as they are, intent first of all upon the maintenance of stability. But at the moment when the Federation was beginning to purr contentedly in the lap of a bourgeois civilization, the old ambition of European labor was stirring to new activity. In America reconstruction was to take the form of whitewashing a solid edifice little injured by the war. In Europe the capitalistic structure had been shaken to its foundations. Stability would give the A. F. of L. a sure position among the vested interests; turmoil would offer European labor an opportunity for conquest and control—indeinitely postponed if governmental reconstruction programs were allowed to move deliberately to their common goal.

With much to lose, the A. F. of L. had become conservative in the full sense of the word; it was inevitable that its interests should clash with those of European radicals who, having gained less, hoped everything. Thus there has developed in the two movements a fundamental difference in political policy which has thrown the forces of American and European labor into opposite camps. In Europe the control of government is considered necessary to the full realization of the labor program. Russia and England are not of one mind as to how this con-

trol is to be effected, but no disagreement as to means can hide the fact that these movements hold their ends in common. The end once achieved, time may forget the difference between bullet and ballot; it can never unite a labor movement content to serve a bourgeois government with a movement that will be satisfied with nothing short of sovereignty.

It is a matter of some interest that labor leaders in England, France, and Italy contemplate the use of industrial means to effect political ends—the stoppage of armed intervention in Russia, for instance. Of far greater significance would be a decision on the part of the A. F. of L. to use any means for the achievement of fundamentally important ends of any sort. We have Mr. Gompers' word for it that the Federation is not a non-political organization; since the announcement of its Campaign Program in 1906, the Federation has been instrumental in securing the passage of a very considerable amount of reformatory legislation. Mr. Gompers might have added that the A. F. of L. is not a non-industrial organization; craft unionism has won much for labor in the way of high wages and endurable working conditions. Federated shop organization in industry and party organization in politics hold the possibility of control; but the A. F. of L. is unambitiously content to bargain collectively with the acknowledged masters of production and of government, thereby achieving in the course of long negotiation an occasional reform.

The period between the suspension of hostilities and the signing of the Great Peace witnessed the triumph of collective bargaining in world politics. For a full understanding of what happened at Paris it is necessary to delve somewhat into the history of international labor relations during the war. The 1914 convention of the American Federation of Labor adopted a resolution which proposed the holding of a congress of labor representatives of all countries at the same time and place as the Peace Congress; this action was reaffirmed by the conventions of the four succeeding years. In 1916 the Federation went a step farther and suggested that the labor groups of the several belligerent countries prevail upon their governments to include labor representatives among their plenipotentiaries to the Peace Congress. With America's entrance into the war the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor came into most intimate relations with the national Cabinet. Direct connections with labor groups in Allied countries were not so easily established. America was not represented at the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference held

in London, February 1918, and when the first American labor mission finally sailed for Europe it was not armed with powers to negotiate with Allied labor for the formulation of a common policy, and was at much pains to make it plain that the A. F. of L. would not participate in the proposed conference with labor representatives from enemy countries. The second mission assumed a more pretentious character; Mr. Gompers himself was the chief emissary, and a representative of the American diplomatic service acted as escort of the party. A few sentences from the report of the latter functionary may prove to be of interest:

Wherever the Mission went it was received by the highest personages as though it had been officially representing the Government of the United States. . . . It was indeed evident that the French and Italian Socialist labor leaders appreciated the honors paid to the American Labor Mission as reflecting upon themselves and their own class. When the Americans went from luncheon at the Quay d'Orsay Palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to confer with the Confederation Generale du Travail at its offices in the working class quarter of Paris, the French laborer naturally felt that he was receiving a share of the honors paid to his American colleagues.

According to this same State Department report, the mission succeeded in making it very plain to the restless workers of England, France, and Italy that "the attitude of vigorous and militant labor leaders need not necessarily be hostile to the government," but that they may merge their interests so completely with those of the state as to be "worthy of every official support." In fact, the demeanor of the Americans was so exemplary that they earned the good will, not only of their own government, but of every other government with which they came in contact—that is to say, of the governing class in general.

At the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Congress of September 1918, the Mission secured the adoption of the A. F. of L. war program, providing among other things for a world labor congress to be held at the same time and place as the Peace Congress, and asking for the representation of labor in the membership of the latter body. The Americans also made it emphatically clear that they would not participate in any war-time conference with the enemy. Finally they succeeded in blocking a resolution that condemned intervention—"in behalf of a real democracy"—in Russia.

The history of these activities forms a fitting preface to a most interesting diplomatic correspondence just published by the A. F. of L. While the world was still breathlessly awaiting the outcome of the negotiations which preceded the armistice, Oudegeest of Holland cabled Mr. Gompers (then in the United States) asking that the Federation appoint delegates to a labor congress to be held at

the same time and place as the peace conference. Mr. Gompers replied three weeks later that in accordance with the instructions of several conventions of the A. F. of L. he himself proposed in due course to issue the call for this labor conference. After another month's delay, proposals arrived from Henderson of Great Britain, setting out detailed plans for a general conference of representatives of trades unions and labor parties, from allied, neutral and enemy countries, and suggesting that Switzerland be selected as a meeting place, for the reason that the personal liberty of Austrian and German delegates could not be guaranteed in any but a neutral country. Refusing to deal directly with Henderson, the A. F. of L. cabled Bowerman, Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trade Union Congress, in part as follows:

. . . the American Federation of Labor delegation will meet with delegations from trade unions of all national centers but must decline to be governed by political parties and hence regard meetings with representatives of political parties conducive to no good results.

If the Americans had ever at any time been inclined to participate in the International Labor and Socialist Congress, eventually held at Berne, this idea was banished from their minds at a private conference such as has prepared the way for more than one open covenant openly arrived at. A man who was present at the conference has related to the writer just what took place there; it is supposed that this is the first publication of detailed information relative to this affair. Like most conferences with the President of the United States, this session was a short one; no time was wasted by the American labor delegates in stating their case. The meeting at Berne was certain to be predominantly socialistic; the Americans were bona fide trade unionists, with no taste for politics; if they went to Berne they would surely be voted down and would be obliged to bolt the convention; it was considered best that the Americans should absent themselves from this too ambitious gathering. Mr. Wilson listened, looking the labor spokesman "straight in the eye." "Gentlemen," he said, "I agree with you entirely."

If the good resolutions of the delegates required further reinforcement, this was supplied at a conference with members of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Here the shady character of the Berne conference was again discussed; it appeared certain that the delegates to the trade union section as well as those to the political section would be Socialists, chiefly interested in political aims; yes, the Americans should by all means stay away.

They did stay away. "While the Berne confer-

ence was refusing to condemn the Bolsheviks, failing to fix the war responsibility upon the Germans or to remove the International [Trade Union] Secretariat from Berlin, and declaring for an impossible international super-parliament, the A. F. of L. delegation" buzzed busily in the diplomatic sunshine of Paris; the American Socialists champed the bit on the farther shore of the Atlantic, held up by the passport bureau; two Social Democrats got as far as France and then repudiated the conference; a third member of the same brotherhood was discredited when he attempted to speak at Berne.

Mr. Gompers did not succeed even passably well in his attempt to get together at Paris an inter-allied trade union congress, and the Peace Conference Commission on International Labor Legislation began its work with no general policy to guide the labor leaders except that embodied in the program adopted at the Inter-Allied Conference of September 1918. Since the close of the Commission's labors, Mr. Gompers has complained that he did not have the support of the radicals for his more advanced reformatory measures; he could explain this situation if he would; another American who attended the sessions of the Commission has done so, and the explanation is this: the radicals were not deeply interested in welfare measures because their eyes were always upon the political possibilities of the Peace—foolishly enough, they insisted on trying to plant in the International Labor Conference, under the shadow of the League of Nations, the seeds of a workingman's world government! The day that the American Federation of Labor appeared in Europe ready to trade unlimited support of the old order for limited reforms, this high aspiration of the internationalists was doomed to failure. At the last moment when it seemed that Lloyd George must be acting under the urge of British Labor in his efforts to modify the treaty, Mr. Gompers cabled President Wilson for instructions as to what action the A. F. of L. was expected to take. In compliance with the President's answering cablegram, the convention of the Federation voted by a majority of 29,909 to 420 to indorse the Covenant of the League of Nations with its labor provisions (now "somewhat weakened," says the President), and by implication the Treaty as a whole. The world labor conference had come short of its object; the promised inter-allied conference was a failure; the thoroughly governmentalized Commission on International Labor Legislation had fathered a governmentalized International Labor Conference to carry on its work under the League. In and out of the A. F. of L., honest eagerness to win the war had found its parallel in indifference to a lost peace.

If American labor in this time of opportunity did less than the war made possible, it was not for lack of power but for lack of will. The plain fact of the matter is that the men who control the American trade union movement do not want to participate in the control of industry. The craft unions that have matured under their guidance are not so organized as to be capable of assuming the rights and responsibilities inherent in the control of production. The habit of collective bargaining has been carried over into politics, where the labor lobby forces the individual measures it desires by the threat of boycott—the use of a political "unfair list." Neither in politics nor in industry does the Federation accept any responsibility except to its members; by economic pressure it may impose conditions upon an employer which will eventually destroy his business, thus curtailing production; by political pressure it may force an administration into a position distasteful to itself and to the public; the public may then vote the administration out of office, but the union is invulnerable. The laborer as such has no part in the responsible direction either of politics or of industry.

And yet a few of the men bound within this system are beginning to dream of control. Confessedly the ambition is chiefly economic, and economic means suggest themselves as most natural for its attainment. As this ambition widens, shop-unit and industrial organization will gradually replace the craft system, and as the possibilities of labor control become self-evident, impatience with the government—conservator of the old order—must grow astoundingly. What shall we do with the government? There are three answers:

"Kill ambition, and support the state," says the trade unionist. "Smash the government and start over," says the Russian Bolshevik. "Control the government and make it over as you go along," says the British Labor Party man.

Control the government! By votes? Yes! By partisan organization such as is growing up in Seattle, Detroit, Chicago, New York? Yes! By strikes? By boycotts? Yes! The men who are today doing most to eliminate the possibility of violent revolution here in the United States are not those who deny that anything new is happening in the world, or those who use the machinery of state to sweep back the rising tide of proletarian ambition, but those who stand ready to use any device that will effect in the government immediate and partial changes in terms of the new time, thus making the means of violent revolution superfluous by peaceful achievement of its ends.

GEROID ROBINSON.

Swamp or Civilization?

OF ALL THE MAJOR MEASURES which the last Congress failed to pass, Secretary Lane's repatriation project is the one that will suffer least by delay and further reconsideration. The project is an unusual blend of statesmanlike vision and political myopia. Its motives are the highest, and so are, in a general way, its preconceptions and its methods. As a clear recognition of the need of creating better rural communities, it deserves praise. As a sincere attempt to plan broadly in that direction, it is altogether admirable. But there is obvious in the plan a fatal neglect of the wider aspects of agrarian policy—the very same neglect that, in a grosser form, worked such havoc in the United States during the decades following the Civil War, when hundreds of thousands of lives, East and West, were doomed to poverty and wretchedness by the supposedly beneficent homestead laws that lured whole villages from the Atlantic Seaboard to the unplowed prairies of the Mississippi Valley. It is another and subtler manifestation of that inveterate and narrow individualism which has always been the curse of American Government.

The project proposes a transaction between the Government and the individual soldier which leaves America out of the reckoning. It satisfies three distinct interests: the Government's interest in putting soldiers promptly back to civilian work, the Government's lesser interest in improving and disposing of its public lands, and the soldier's interest in getting a fresh start in life and becoming independent. Each of these three interests is wholly praiseworthy, and the project, in so far as it furthers them, is equally so. Unfortunately, though, there are many other interests that ought to be, but have not been, reckoned with. And the two largest are the interests of the American farmer and the American rural community. In brief, the interest of nearly fifty million citizens.

The project consists of four major programs, reclamation of arid and swamp lands, soldier labor, Federal financing of soldier farms, and community development. The vast rich-soiled deserts like the Colorado Basin and the far vaster wilderness of stump and swamp that stretch malarially from Louisiana to New Jersey are the chief regions to be converted into farms for soldiers. They lie, in the main, from ten to twenty miles from the nearest rural communities worthy of the name. Once reclaimed, they will indubitably yield rich harvests. If, now, we grant the wisdom of converting these wastes into farms for doughboys, we must grant the excellence of the rest of the project. Excel-

lent is Secretary Lane's scheme for employing the soldiers in draining and irrigating work and in town building, for educating them in agriculture during this tedious period of reclamation, for accepting their labor in part payment for their new farms and for financing these farms on easy terms. Excellent, above all, is his scheme of preparing, not isolated farms, but entire rural communities after the fashion of the Durham plan which Ellwood Mead has developed so brilliantly in California. It is impossible to deny that every soldier-farmer community which Secretary Lane might create on the pattern laid down would be a place of joy and profit for the inhabitants thereof.

But how about the wisdom of conquering more wilderness? As an emergency measure to absorb promptly an army of unemployed soldiers, the project would have been valuable if it could have been enacted before the armistice and rushed into operation. But we must judge the project, when it again comes up for consideration, not as a hurry call to ward off idleness and unrest, but rather as a part of a national agrarian policy. As such, it cannot be wholeheartedly approved. And there are signs that the sponsors no longer give undivided allegiance to all its original features. Secretary Lane's own replies to some critics indicate that he is losing his first faith in the measure as a reclamation project and is now trying to remodel it into something more rational. The remodeling however has not yet occurred.

Superficially, the project marks a long advance in rural reconstruction. But in reality it is only a brilliant evasion. A goodly number of men intimate with agricultural affairs have predicted its failure: some say that few soldiers will be attracted to such remote and inhospitable regions, and that most of those who are attracted will speedily be disillusioned and will as speedily return to civilization. I hesitate to join the ranks of these prophets; so great is man's eagerness to get something for nothing, and so strong is the lure of the open in many youthful breasts that almost any Government proposal to give away real estate will attract hundreds of the ill-informed and impetuous. But I hope the prophets are right, for, if they are, it will at last prove that American youth is interested in civilization.

But what if the prophets are wrong, as Secretary Lane feels sure they are? Suppose several hundred thousand young men trained in the ways of modern army life elect to become pioneers under Federal patronage. Suppose they stick to their choice. Suppose they create model farms and villages on the

Last Frontier. Suppose they bring, within a few years, wives from other places. What of it?

Well, thousands of farm communities would be robbed of the very men they sorely need in the huge task of rural reconstruction which lies ahead. It will not be the loss of man-power that will be most serious. Far from it—man-power is of declining importance on the American farm, thanks to the new tractor, which enables fewer men to handle larger acreage, and good roads, which enable farmers to draw workers from a much wider field than ever before. It is rather the loss of the training, the youthful enthusiasm, the throb of fresh life and the vivid example of the new community spirit that will be most heavily felt.

In the seventies and eighties such a loss crushed the very breath of life out of hundreds of villages in New England and New York and sent the value of Eastern farm lands down to the bare cost of their barns. And we must expect a similar result tomorrow if we set in motion an enterprise that will take away from the home towns their best young men. It is not necessary that Secretary Lane's plan attract men by the million, in order to work grave injury. The harm will develop visibly, if as many as 100,000 ex-soldiers are taken. For there are other irresistible forces at work draining our rural districts. The negroes are still pouring out of the South, tempted by the prospects in Northern towns and goaded by abominable mistreatment at home; this exodus will work deep injury to both town and country life before it ceases. Again, there is the widespread reluctance of our returning soldiers to go back to rural homes. Having seen the great world, they are all too willing to linger longer. Country school teachers, too, drawn by the thousands into war work at which they received at least a living wage and often much more, are naturally refusing to go back to the little red school house under the old humiliating, health-wrecking conditions of overwork and underpay. These and many other violent changes are today demoralizing rural communities everywhere. Any enterprise which further drains off the youth, the intelligence, and the feeble social forces of these districts must be condemned as imperiling a situation already perilous.

Now there are many ways of giving farms to our ex-soldiers without further injuring country life. One obvious way is to plant soldier-farmer communities in the midst of moderately populated agricultural counties from the potato lands of the Aroostook to the lemon groves of San Diego. So far as possible, partly improved land might be bought up within a convenient distance from a village. Every good feature of the Durham plan might be pre-

served; all roads, wells, fences, houses, and barns might be put in order under the supervision of Government experts. Community centers might be built, and farmers might be established around each one in numbers large enough to make it feasible to conduct cooperative buying, selling, live-stock breeding, and similar group enterprises.

Plainly the soldier farmers would, as individuals, gain everything in such a community that they would in a brand new, isolated reclamation village. They can get just as fertile land in partly improved districts as in the wilderness. Every student of agrarian affairs knows this, and recent surveys by the Department of Labor abundantly re-verify it. For instance, in the state of Georgia alone, more than 8,000,000 acres of improved acreage ready to be plowed and planted immediately can be bought on the open market at prices ranging from one to ten dollars per acre—or much less than the cost of many drainage and irrigation projects. Georgia is not at all peculiar in this respect; almost every Eastern state offers millions of fertile improved acres at a price of twenty-five dollars or less per acre. As for profits, our soldier-farmers will obviously attain them much earlier in established communities than on any reclamation tract where from one to three years must be spent in bringing the soil up to the point of tilling. Indeed, many improved lands in the East and South could have been plowed this summer and made to show a profit at harvest. This fact is less important commercially than psychologically. The average young man is eager for results. He chafes under tedious delays and hard preliminaries. Confronted with a year or more of ditch digging and stump pulling, he is likely to lose heart and go back to town. But if he can at once see his farm growing green under his touch, he will preserve much of his advance enthusiasm for rural life.

It is not such personal advantages, however, that turn the scale against the wilderness plan. It is rather the wider social influences our soldier-farmers cannot fail to exercise upon the established communities in which we should plant them. Immeasurably more important than reclaiming wilderness is the reclaiming of our farms and villages. Bringing water to the Colorado Basin is a splendid achievement; but bringing fresh blood, new ideas, social intercourse, and modern agricultural technique to the typical narrow, suspicious, clique-ridden country town is one of the half-dozen most important social enterprises of this generation. To say that rural life cries for an intelligent humanizing spirit is to utter a commonplace, but it is a commonplace which the repatriation plan has totally ignored. Ten thousand villages in the United States might

be revolutionized with amazing speed if in each one there were set down a few hundred eager youngsters fresh from the A. E. F., hard as nails, their minds open to the infinite possibilities of team work, and their energies all skilfully coordinated under expert leadership for the scientific farming of ten or twenty thousand acres. Precisely the same thing would happen on the farms as happened in the munition factories here and abroad during the past three years; the "dilution of labor" would proceed from the community manager and his trained staff downward to the soldier farmers, and thence still further downward to the ignorant farmers and hired men of the entire district, thanks to the constant contact between the trained and the untrained in the community center; and, along with this swift dissemination of farm knowledge and technique, would inevitably go that same socializing process which everybody has observed at work in the army itself. A hundred thousand soldiers set

to work in the Colorado Basin would reclaim the desert and win homes for themselves. A hundred thousand soldiers set to work in five hundred old rural districts would reclaim a million back-water Americans, win homes for themselves, and make a hundred thousand other homes fit to live in. They would create five hundred Social Units after the pattern of the Cincinnati experiment and thereby solve in one act the two problems of repatriation and democracy.

The wilderness can wait—the village cannot. It is our national duty to exert every intelligent effort to counteract the paralyzing effects of the steady drift from farm to town, which we cannot hope to check and which, if not neutralized by constructive democracy, will certainly develop a host of social ills. Let us leave the swamps, then, to their herons and water moccasins for an aeon or two, and march our young army into civilization.

WALTER B. PITKIN.

The Irish Renaissance—Renascent

THAT THE "LULL IN POLITICS," postulated some twenty-five years ago by Mr. W. B. Yeats as the condition precedent of a literary renaissance, has ceased is evident from the books of this spring season. The publishers' lists are meager, and predominantly political; "mere literature" has so far receded that we are coming to regard the Irish Literary Revival as a chapter definitely closed. A generation has arisen whose thoughts are haunted by Reconstruction, The League of Nations, the Fourteen Points, where its predecessors were immersed in the legendary lore of Celtic antiquity, the restoration of the national tradition in literature, and the building up of an Irish folk-theater. It is true, the return to Dublin of Mr. Yeats could not but involve some organized effort to create an oasis of artistic interest in the desert of burning political preoccupation, and true to his nature and life-long habit he signaled his reabsorption by mobilizing the non-political remnant on behalf of two enterprises as aloof as himself from the turmoil of the marketplace. The Abbey Theatre became at the beginning of the winter the center of a course of lectures and debates, at which prominent writers both English and Irish entertained the plain people with discourses and discussions on art, literature, music, and economics. Mr. Bernard Shaw was heard with the impatience which he never fails to arouse in his compatriots, Mr. G. K. Chesterton enjoyed the equally inevitable good humor with which Ireland applauds the sympathetic Englishman, Mr. H. W.

Nevinson lectured on his experiences in starved Germany. A great number of Sunday evening entertainments were given during the season, and the public particularly welcomed the opportunity thus provided for the airing of views which would not have passed un mutilated the blue-pencil of the Peace Censor. The Abbey became a species of neutral enclave, and whatever the subject, the public discussion always developed tendencies now conveniently known as "Bolshevist." So much for one of Mr. Yeats's efforts to induce detachment.

The second experiment has had more success in achieving its avowed object, namely the resuscitation of the uncommercial drama. The Abbey Theatre having long since succumbed to the ease of popularity, it could not be looked to for any of the experimental work, which it at one time was not afraid to risk. In consequence, a meeting was called by Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. James Stephens, Mr. Lennox Robinson, and myself for the purpose of considering the establishment of a Dublin Drama League, for the production of plays which could not be expected from any of the existing theaters in this city. The proposal was favorably received, and the League was constituted, with a membership which has steadily grown since last September. Plays by Andreiev, Dunsany, and Srgjan Tucid, a Serbian playwright, have been produced under the auspices of the League, and there is every reason to believe that we shall now be able to fulfill that part of the program of the original dramatic movement which

was abandoned when Mr. Edward Martyn and Mr. W. B. Yeats separated, after the brief career of the Irish Literary Theatre. Foreign plays have been practically inaccessible to the Irish public for some years, and the too exclusive concern of the Abbey Theatre with popular folk-melodrama has made necessary the constitution of a group interested in supporting the plays which no self-respecting repertory theater can be without. In a recent debate at the Abbey Theatre on the subject of that institution's present decadence, Mr. Yeats has invoked the shade of Synge in defense of the neglect of modern drama in favor of the peasant play, but there is no doubt his opponent, Mr. Lennox Robinson, had the best of the argument, in which he advocated the production of good foreign plays rather than bad native plays. Meanwhile, as our repertory theater refuses to do its duty, the Drama League has undertaken it, under the presidency of the otherwise unrepentant Mr. Yeats.

If Mr. Yeats is unrepentant in his defense of the inactivity of the Abbey Theatre, and yet an advocate of the Drama League, it is largely because he has always shown a disconcerting independence of logic. The contradictory record of his own dramatic theories, from the time when he spurned the drawing-room play in favor of that which would "uplift the man of the roads" to the present day, is sufficient evidence of his scorn of mere consistency. In the long course of experiment which has constituted his relation to the theater he has now arrived at the point of desiring an escape from that defiant institution, and in the Anglo-Irish Noh play he professes to have found salvation. In *Two Plays for Dancers* (Dundrum; Cuala Press) he has given for a new volume in the beautiful editions of his sister's hand press his first book of Anglo-Irish Noh plays, containing *The Dreaming of the Bones* and *The Only Jealousy of Emer*. Two years ago, when Mr. Yeats published *At the Hawk's Well*, his first experiment in the Japanese manner, he announced that he had at last discovered the solution of the problem presented to him as a poet-dramatist by the modern stage:

My blunder has been that I did not discover in my youth that my theatre must be the ancient theatre made by unrolling a carpet, or marking out a place with a stick, or setting a screen against a wall. Certainly those who care for my kind of poetry must be numerous enough, if I can bring them together, to pay half a dozen players who can bring all their properties in a cab and perform in their leisure moments.

At the Hawk's Well was produced in accordance with the Noh tradition, the players wearing masks and "sitting against a screen covered with some one unchangeable pattern." It is they who "describe landscape or event, and accompany movement with

drum or gong, or deepen the emotion of the words with zither or flute." The stage is a platform surrounded on three sides by the audience, the movements are founded on those of puppets, and song and dance alternate with speech.

In *Two Plays for Dancers* Mr. Yeats has partially redeemed his promise to complete a "dramatic celebration of the life of Cuchulain planned long ago," of which the Hawk's Well was the first part. *The Only Jealousy of Emer* is a further episode in the Cuchulain series, and may be described as a sequel to *On Baile's Strand*. It is a subtle and tenuous drama, whose scene is laid in a fisherman's hut where, after he had rushed into the sea on learning that his unknown antagonist was his son, Cuchulain's lifeless body has been brought. His wife Emer has called his mistress, Eithne Inguba, to see if her love can call Cuchulain back to life. He has been lured by a Woman of the Sidhe, and only by a renunciation of their ultimate hope of reconciliation can Emer restore her husband to this world. The Noh form is peculiarly adapted to the suggestive beauty of the poetry in which the dramatic conceptions of Mr. Yeats develop. Heightened by the conventions of movement, the gestures of the Noh performers, his effects are secured in a manner impossible on the ordinary stage, where the author's own dissatisfaction is only too often shared by the public. The oft revised and never satisfactory *Shadowy Waters* might be re-written in the Noh manner with results heretofore unachieved.

With *The Dreaming of the Bones* there enters—to the Irish mind, at least—an element of regret that an exotic form should have been allowed to hamper a theme peculiarly national. In the meeting between a young man escaping from the Dublin Rising in 1916 and the shades of Dermot and Devorgilla, whose love betrayed Ireland, Mr. Yeats had a situation which demanded other treatment. Moving and beautiful as the poem now reads, one's fancy dwells upon its potentialities as a play to set beside Cathleen ni Houlihan, and one is tempted to clamor for what might be, instead of considering what is . . . irrevocably, so far as the creative impulse is concerned, for these Anglo-Irish Noh plays are the creatures of a mood. Mr. Yeats refers to them more than once as a passing phase of experimental effort, but they are definite evidence of a revolt against the mechanism of the modern stage, however intellectual it may become. Yet, while we may welcome any theory which seems to provide Mr. Yeats with the necessary stimulus to write poetic plays, it is clear that the drama cannot be restored to dignity by a negation of the material framework of its existence. Theater reformers move towards a species of dramatic Nirvana, elim-

inating scenery, actor, audience. When there are no playgoers to be bored by impossible plays, no dramatists to be subordinated to scenic effects, and no actors to interfere with the poetry of ideal speech, then we shall have the euthanasia of the Higher Drama.

If to the detachment of Mr. W. B. Yeats we owe the appearance this spring of no less than three volumes, which make up for the dearth already referred to, he is not the only Irish writer capable of the implied absorption in matters far removed from the current political turmoil. Rather than discuss *The Wild Swans at Coole* [reviewed on page 72 of this issue of *THE DIAL*] and *The Cutting of an Agate*, which appears, with a new chapter, for the first time in this part of the world, although published seven years ago in America, I prefer to close with the story of what promised to be the most entertaining instance of fiddling while Europe burns.

A well-known Anglo-Irish novelist and autobiographer heard from his publisher that a book which the latter was bringing out contained an allusion to the fictitious character of the love affairs so complacently related in his four volumes of autobiography. Whereupon he wrote to the publisher demanding the suppression of the passage impugning his veracity as an Irish Casanova, and arguing that this doubt cast upon his amorous capacities was a

slur upon his autobiographical honor, and an injury to his literary property. The novelist stated that he was prepared, if the author refused to be censored, to go into court and prove the authenticity of his sexual adventures. As soon as this delightful news reached Dublin, the host of the plaintiff's victims rejoiced exceedingly at the prospect of seeing their tormentor made ridiculous by his own confessions, of vindicating themselves, and of establishing the mendacity of the autobiography in question, in so far as it related to persons and facts within their knowledge. As the Irish Theatre once appeared in the dock at Philadelphia, so now it seemed as if the Irish literary movement would be seen in the witness box, at a trial unique in the history of letters. Unfortunately the innocent calumniator, the author of the offending passage, was intimidated by his publisher's strange methods of censorship, and withdrew his allusion to the contrast between Hazlitt, who entertained the public with his real love affairs, and the Boswell of Dublin, who shocked the public with his imaginary love affairs. Thus it has not yet been tested whether an author has property rights in his amours, and a British jury has not been invited to redeem Mr. George Moore and his lady friends from the scandalous imputation of virtue.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

An Irishman's Burden

UP TO NOW the intellectual Irishman who busied himself with politics has been in a nearly ideal situation to reach an early and sound maturity. If it was a question of the Empire, detachment was his by right of the Irish Channel and the enormities of Cromwell. If it was a question of home politics, he could begin where the veterans leave off. Schooled to look for even less than politics can usually offer, there was no reason why he should not achieve betimes just the degree of disillusionment which is antecedent to wisdom. Age is of the essence of the matter. For an idealism that might at forty sour into cynicism can be kept sweet if it is touched at, say, thirty with a reasonable skepticism which sharpens the powers of analysis without paralyzing effort or extinguishing hope.

The late Lieutenant T. M. Kettle had such precocity thrust upon him for the health of his soul. To the realism which was his by right of geographical position, he added an extraordinary wit and abundant imaginative resources. Slight as is the evidence afforded by *The Day's Burden* (Scribner), it is still clear that he must have been one of the most gifted of the younger Irishmen who

gave their lives for the Empire. The book is only a miscellany made up of popular talks on political, social, and literary subjects, published in a slender volume abroad in 1910, and now expanded to include fugitive newspaper and magazine articles written before the outbreak of the war. Some of the sketches are little more than whimsies, others purely topical; but whether he was reporting a Socialists' Congress at Stuttgart or dealing with the inhuman ritual of the Criminal Assizes, Kettle was a workman who knew how to take loving pains, and the slightest fragments are polished until they glitter. Indeed the writing here and there is a bit too scintillant: it passes the line between stimulation and fatigue. To those who are looking for dinner mots that will pass the test of the new psychology, it is a pleasure to recommend the book, especially since they will find their coveted brilliants embedded in a substance enormously solidier than the prevailing market article.

Kettle had no private solution of the Irish problem to urge and he discusses it only incidentally in the course of an incisive review of M. Paul-Dubois' *L'Irlande Contemporaine* and a general

paper on the philosophy of government. He was a Home-Ruler of the type that has been submerged by the new tidal wave; nevertheless, he was ready to make out in 1905, on the strength of purely English authority, an unanswerable case for revolution—if revolution had been feasible. For although his main concern as an economist was in the building up of a modern civilization which should banish the ancient curse of poverty, he saw the political and the economic strands as inextricably interwoven and he insisted that those politicians who kept strife alive were playing the part of economic realists as surely as any workers "on the land or at the loom." True, Ireland needed peace in order to concentrate her energy on basic problems. "But that peace from the purely political struggle, which is so indispensable if Ireland is to develop character and create material wealth, can come to her only as a result of political autonomy." Until that is granted England is the enemy. But his attitude to the Irish problem, which can have no more than an academic interest in view of the new phase, is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on his sane notions of nationalism in general. They were never superheated, and it is doubtful whether he would have been as staggered as most of our idealists by the delirium of the moment. His conception of society was thoroughly dynamic and Home Rule meant for him a bivouac on the road and not a barracks. It was a corollary from his thoughts on government and the state, about which there can be nothing sacrosanct. To dream of finalities is nowadays to indulge the most futile and vicious of Utopian fallacies, because, apart from the certain disenchantment to which it must lead, it is always and everywhere the state of mind which produces a dogmatic conservatism and stands in the way of progress. Once recognize that

the state exists for the happiness of man and not man for the glory of the state, and countless bogies lose their sinister grip on the imagination. The sacred "law and order" of the leader writers, for example, are no longer absolutes but only means to an end to be judged on precisely the same footing as any other. "The cry of 'order for order's sake' is as ruinously foolish as that of art for art's sake, or money for money's sake. It is for the sake of humanity that all these things must exist."

In his treatment of labor, however, Kettle showed a tendency to fudge. He doesn't rush out to embrace the full implications of his evolutionary doctrine. Confronted with the portent of Larkinism, he failed to grasp its significance, stubbornly refusing to believe that labor was struggling towards a new orientation. As he saw it, the worker was already won to the "schematic essence" of our Western civilization and the sole remaining task was to rally him to its actual shape by so transforming the latter as to make it "fit for the habitation of the idea." He was sympathetic and humane, eager to see "fair play," but the best he could do was to anticipate some of our own disturbed sociologists in similar circumstances and thunder in the index while purring in the program. He rated the employers and threatened them with nightmarish horrors to come, but he never got beyond hours and wages and living conditions. The real problem he never even posed. And his appeal was almost wholly to good will. Was it because he was a good Catholic and could not prevent himself from throwing on the traditional individual ethics a weight it was hardly meant to bear? Possibly. But he was in general a good psychologist and his error lay rather, I suspect, in underestimating the weight than in overestimating the available good will.

GEORGE DONLIN.

July 4, 1919

Grim darkness broods above the stricken earth,
Still as old terror swooping from the sky;
The nets of death are wrenched apart and lie
Across the meadows, barbed with savage mirth.
More dread than war, peace stares upon her dearth
With the dead eyes of her insanity.
This hungry peace, that does not live nor die,
Smiling at the vain victory of birth.

There is no scent of dawn, no sea-wind blowing
To sweep away this ancient evil grief.
The world is sick: simple desire is going;
Power lames wisdom; love is but a thief.
Nothing is here worth suffering and knowing
But the sharp moment, profitless and brief.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Baseball

IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY baseball is a new game: hence new to song and story and uncelebrated in the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music. Now, as Ruskin has pointed out, people generally do not see beauty or majesty except when it has been first revealed to them in pictures or other works of art. This is peculiarly true of the people who call themselves educated. No one who prides himself on being familiar with Greek and Roman architecture and the classic masters of painting would for a moment admit that there could be any beauty in a modern sky-scraper. Yet there can be no doubt that when two thousand years hence some Antarctic scholar comes to describe our civilization, he will mention as our distinctive contribution to art our beautiful office buildings, and perhaps offer in support of his thesis colored plates of some of the ruins of those temples of commerce. And when he comes to speak of America's contribution to religion, will he not mention baseball? Do not be shocked, gentle or learned reader! I know full well that baseball is a boy's game, and a professional sport, and that a properly cultured, serious person always feels like apologizing for attending a baseball game instead of a Strauss concert, or a lecture on the customs of the Fiji Islanders. But I still maintain that, by all the canons of our modern books on comparative religion, baseball is a religion, and the only one that is not sectarian but national. The essence of religious experience, we are told, is the "redemption from the limitations of our petty individual lives and the mystic unity with a larger life of which we are a part." And is not this precisely what the baseball devotee or fanatic, if you please, experiences when he watches the team representing his city battling with another? Is there any other experience in modern life in which multitudes of men so completely and intensely lose their individual selves in the larger life which they call their city? Careful students of Greek civilization do not hesitate to speak of the religious value of the Greek drama. When the auditor identifies himself with the action on the stage—Aristotle tells us—his feelings of fear and pity undergo a kind of purification (catharsis). But in baseball the identification has even more of the religious quality, since we are absorbed not only in the action of the visible actors but more deeply in the fate of the mystic unities which we call the contending cities. To be sure, there may be people who go to a baseball game to see some particular star, just as there are people who go to church to hear a particular minister preach; but these are phenomena in the circumference of the religious life.

There are also blase persons who do not care who wins so long as they can see what they call a good game—just as there are people who go to mass because they admire the vestments or intonations of the priest—but this only illustrates the pathology of the religious life. The truly religious devotee has his soul directed to the final outcome; and every one of the extraordinarily rich multiplicity of movements of the baseball game acquires its significance because of its bearing on that outcome. Instead of purifying only fear and pity, baseball exercises and purifies all of our emotions, cultivating hope and courage when we are behind, resignation when we are beaten, fairness for the other team when we are ahead, charity for the umpire, and above all the zest for combat and conquest.

When my revered friend and teacher William James wrote an essay on the Moral Equivalent of War, I suggested to him that baseball already embodied all the moral value of war, so far as war had any moral value. He listened sympathetically and was amused, but he did not take me seriously enough. All great men have their limitations, and William James' were due to the fact that he lived in Cambridge, a city which, in spite of the fact that it has a population of 100,000 souls (including the professors), is not represented in any baseball league that can be detected without a microscope.

Imagine what will happen to the martial spirit in Germany if baseball is introduced there—if any Social Democrat can ask any Herr von Somebody, "What's the score?" Suppose that in an exciting ninth-inning rally, when the home team ties the score, Captain Schmidt punches Captain Miller or breaks his helmet. Will the latter challenge him to a duel? He will not. Rather will he hug him frenziedly or pummel him joyfully at the next moment when the winning run comes across the home plate. And after the game, what need of further strife? When Jones of Philadelphia meets Brown of New York there may be a slight touch of condescension on one side, or a hidden strain of envy on the other side, but they take each other's arm in fraternal fashion, for they have settled their differences in an open regulated combat on a fair field. And if one of us has some sore regrets over an unfortunate error which lost the game, there is always the consolation that we have had our inning, and though we have lost there is another game or season coming. And what more can a reasonable man expect in this imperfect world than an open chance to do his best in a free and fair fight?

Every religion has its martyrs; and the greatest of

all martyrdoms is to make oneself ridiculous and to be laughed at by the heathen. But whatever the danger, I am ready to urge the claims of international baseball as capable of arousing far more national religious fervor than the more monotonous game of armaments and war. Those who fear "the deadly monotony of a universal reign of peace" can convince themselves of the thrilling and exciting character of baseball by watching the behavior of

crowds not only at the games but also at the baseball score-boards miles away. National rivalries and aspirations could find their intensest expression in a close international pennant race, and yet such rivalry would not be incompatible with the establishment of the true Church Universal in which all men would feel their brotherhood in the Infinite Game.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

What is the Good of History?

NOT MUCH GOOD, Professor F. J. Teggart suspects, as it has hitherto been considered. In his modest little volume called *The Process of History* (Yale University Press) he maintains that the edifying purpose of historical investigation and writing should be to make as clear as may be "how man everywhere has come to be as he is." This, historians have hitherto failed to do. History has been until recently a branch of belles lettres which devoted itself to forcing alleged historic facts into the unnatural cadre of dramatic presentation. It is true that of late many historical contributions have made their appearance which have no more claim to literary elegance than a treatise on automobile clutches or beriberi, but they have none of them cast much light on how man everywhere has come to be as he is. Mr. Teggart is not so unreasonable as to expect anyone to answer so momentous a question succinctly and off-hand. His complaint is that historians have really made no attempt to answer it, and have not pursued a method by which it could be answered. They have been strong in narrative but weak in explanation. Ranke's famous aspiration to set forth things as they had really been was of course indispensable as far as it went; but strangely enough it was the geologist and biologist rather than the historian that first suggested an essentially historical mood in dealing with the past. Mr. Teggart is impressed with this fact, and turns to the methods of historical science for guidance in determining the fundamental factors and processes which should engage our attention if we are ever to write a real history of how man everywhere came to be as he is.

We all long for light on the murky riddles of the present. Could we but once understand in even a general and tentative way the manner in which man landed in his present complex predicaments we might get at once a frame of mind which would enable us more clearly to see the exact nature of the fix in which we find ourselves and, possibly, some suggestions as to how we may hope

to extricate ourselves from the maze. As our author remarks at the close of his book:

It requires no lengthy exposition to demonstrate that the ideas which lead to strife, civil or international, are not the products of the highest knowledge available, are not the verified results of scientific inquiry, but are "opinions" about matters which, at the moment, we do not fully understand. Among modern peoples the most important of these opinions are concerned with the ordering of human affairs; and in this area all our "settlements" of the problems which confront us must continue to be temporary and uncertain compromises until we have come to apply the method of science to their solution. Science is not a body of beliefs and opinions, but is a way or method of dealing with problems. . . . Scientific method is the term we use for the orderly and scientific effort to find out. Hitherto, the most serious affairs of men have been decided upon the basis of argumentation, carried, not infrequently, to the utmost limits of destruction and death. It should be possible to apply in this domain the method of finding out, and it has been my hope to contribute, in however tentative a manner, to this end.

In his first chapter Professor Teggart shows the superficial character of the so-called explanations that have hitherto been given of the processes of history. This superficiality is due to a considerable extent to the Europocentric nature of the stories we construct and the reckless generalizing and specious correlations derived from this highly artificial narrative. "Precisely what we need to begin with are great bodies of historical data . . . relating to all human groups without distinction, which have not been subjected to the selective activities of the literary artist and the philosopher."

In his second chapter he reconsiders the reasons why peoples wander about the earth and so change their environment and come in contact with other peoples. He concludes that these movements are not instigated by overpopulation or love of adventure but generally by a diminution of the food supply. "Man is prone to remain where he is, to fixity in ideas and ways of doing things and only through nature's insistent driving has he been shaken out of his immobility and set wayfaring on the open road." The ordinary conservative temperament is man's natural heritage; and now as ever it fears change even in our dynamic age. The

conservative rationalizes his primitive apprehensions by the sophistication that man is a naturally restless, disorderly, and anarchic animal who must ever be kept in the fetters of dogma, social, political, or religious.

The third chapter of this little book is a general treatment of the process by which tribal society becomes political society; how the creative and ambitious individual leader gets from time to time an opportunity of self-assertion. Later history, our author remarks, is primarily "the record of the unceasing efforts of kings to extend what they regard as their personal possessions." Our present national state with its strong national patriotism can easily be traced back to "the institutionalization of

a situation which arose out of the opportunity for personal self-assertion created by the break-up of primitive organizations. . . . Thus, throughout the past, we are presented with the anomaly of men fighting to maintain the institutionalized vestiges of the self-assertion of aggressive individuals on occasions of long-past upheavals." This fact if once comprehended might make even a Republican senator smile at his own views.

I fear that Mr. Teggart's book will hardly bring its full message to the casual reader, but it can be read and reread with advantage by one somewhat familiar with the newer conceptions of man and his nature.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

The Status of the State

MAN IS BORN FREE, yet everywhere he finds himself the subject of a state. How did this come about? That is the theme of *The State and the Nation*, by Professor Edwards Jenks (Dutton). What can make it legitimate? That question Mr. Harold J. Laski ably essays to answer. (Authority in the Modern State; Yale University Press.)

About the origin and the nature of the state there has been more perverse theorizing than about any other phenomenon except deity. The state has meant all things to all men. The chief difficulty of the political philosopher has been to reconcile its coercive powers with any notion of its voluntary institution, and its general acceptance, by the community at large. Is it out of war or peace that the state was born? Does it exist by force or by consent? Those questions appear at the very outset of any illuminant discussion: they delimit the respective positions of Socrates and Thrasymachus at the opening of Plato's greatest political dialogue. Socrates believes that the state is but an organ of community; Thrasymachus holds, on the other hand, that the state exists not for the benefit of the community but for the advantage of the governing classes. He anticipates Nietzsche and Treitschke. "In all states, what is just and what is advantageous for the established government are the same; it hath the power. So that it appears to him who reasons rightly that, in all cases, what is the advantage of the more powerful, the same is just."

The history of Western Europe confirms the prussic realism of Thrasymachus. It is impossible to resist Professor Jenks' conclusion that "in the formation of the modern state the conspicuous causes are the closely related facts of migration and conquest." The state does not take its origin in the

family, the clan, the tribe, the village, the city, or the mark. By no conceivable federalization of these units could the compulsive military organization we name the state be produced. It is, on the contrary, a foreign institution thrust upon the more or less peaceful inhabitants of a given territory by a group of hunter-warriors, whose sole initial purpose is simply to live on the land without participating in its economic labors. Professor Jenks might have used Mr. Laski's very definition: "The substance of the state does not vary. It is always a territorial society in which there is a distinction between government and subjects."

Now at first the state was little more than its government, and territorial compactness was not one of its attributes. The crown lands were scattered. The capital of the state was wherever the king happened to be quartered for the night. Just before the beginning of those religious wars which disrupted the universal polity of the Roman Church a process of consolidation resulted in the definition of the rigidly bounded national state we know today. On this point Professor Jenks is unfortunately silent, for despite the title of his volume he does not touch upon the relation of nationality to statehood. What took place is nevertheless not obscure. In order to keep the archives of the state accessible and safe a national capital was erected and a stable seat of government established. Thereafter the capital of the state was the center of all civil authority, and instead of merely unifying and coordinating independent local functions the state got more and more into the habit of formulating its policies without respect to the interests of the discrete and increasingly powerless provincial groups in the hinterland.

It is a mistake to think that the early military

state was all-powerful. Its position was too precarious for that. What made the state finally sovereign in authority was the breakup of the feudal system, the collapse of town economy, and the rise of the concept of nationality, coincident with the development of a common native language. The state capital became the center of art, science, and literature. The culture of the capital succeeded in passing itself off on the provinces as the one authentic and indisputable "national" culture. The boundaries of the state in Western Europe were made roughly coincident with the limits of a single language. Within those boundaries, after the pattern set in the national capital, the life of the nation became encysted. The Defense of the Realm became the chief end of statesmanship. Internally it meant the suppression of all national, religious, and civic groups which refused to acknowledge the overwhelming supremacy and moral authority of the state. Externally it meant the challenging of all foreign governments which threatened to contend for the possession of the vested interests and privileges which the state preserved for those who ruled within.

In essence, this is the sum and substance of the institution which claims the adherence, in war and peace, of every human being born within its territory. As Professor Jenks bravely admits "the famous apothegm of Treitschke 'The State is Power' is absolutely borne out by the facts of history; it is only in their monstrous and illogical deduction from this truth that Treitschke and his followers have erred. Their doctrine in brief was: 'The state is power; therefore fall down and worship it!' The true doctrine is: 'The state is power; therefore, while recognizing its value, beware how you allow it to master you.'" The danger is not lessened, as we learned in the drastic experiment of the late war, by the paltry checks and balances of a so-called democratic government. Bismarck and Burleson dedicated their lives to the same political deity.

"It is," as Mr. Laski says, "with the sovereign state that we are today confronted. For its fundamental agents, that is to say, there is claimed a power from which no appeal is to be made. The attributes of sovereignty have been admirably described by Paley. Its power 'may be termed absolute, omnipotent, uncontrollable, arbitrary, despotic, and is alike so in all countries.'" These are pretentious claims, and Mr. Laski calls to his aid all the resources of indefatigable scholarship and delicate philosophic analysis to demolish them. Happily he does not find it more difficult in discussing contemporary fact, than Professor Jenks does in treating historic fact, to show that these claims

are, when checked up by sociological realities, ridiculously inflated. The omnipotent powers of the state are perhaps good "for duration of war" because it is in warfare that the peculiar functions of the state are exercised without internal rivalry. But as soon as the herd instinct ceases to evoke the attitude so necessary to group conflict, the united front, we find that the sovereignty of the state is subject to limitation as a result of the pressure of custom, law, and current moral judgment. Above all, perhaps, because man is a city-building animal, and his civic needs are not met by the lean satisfactions of his life as the member of a political state. "Whatever the requirements of legal theory no man surrenders his whole being to the state. . . . Government dare not range over the whole area of human life."

Now if the political theorist commits the mistake of thinking that the individual and the state are the only entities that need be considered there are really only one of two loyalties possible for him. He may follow the Hegelian method and deny the individual, or he may take the Spencerian lead and deny the state. But the Spencerian effort to make the state responsible by making it impotent was based upon an incomplete sociological analysis, which neglected the fundamental need of all developed individuals for participation in some form of associative life. Historically the state has not become weakened by the emphasis on the isolated individual: it actually has tended to take over functions which would otherwise be in the hands of vigorous voluntary associations. The belief in this process of substitution is the characteristic of state socialism. But obviously the more functions that the state absorbs the more compulsive and irresistible will be its authority. "To make the state omniscient," as Mr. Laski incisively points out, "is to leave it at the mercy of any group that is powerful enough to exploit it. . . . The only way out of such an impasse is the neutralization of the state; and it cannot be neutralized save by the division of power that is today concentrated in its hands." This, of course, is to do away with the assumed priority of the state's interests and affairs. But that priority is based upon an illicit identification of the multitudinous wills of the community with the particular will of the government of the state. Because the province of the state is as wide as its territories its claim to exercise control over every department of civil life within that area is by no means substantiated. It is not the amount of territory it covers, but the number of interests it subsumes, that matters to the citizen. The state is not, and must never be permitted to become, the only group organization open

to the individual. The state is, and must remain, but one association among many. Nor is the state by itself, after all, the most powerful organization. The state becomes formidable only when it is able to attract the allegiance of various corporations, communities, and associations that coexist with it, and that are (despite the arrant legal fiction of incorporation) coordinate with the state and independent of it for their existence. Without the good will of these groups the state is destitute of authority; without their active cooperation it is impotent.

Now the constitution of the modern state does not represent its real relation to the body politic. It is, we are all agreed, a territorial society in which representation in the legislature is apportioned on the basis of an arbitrary division of the country into "states," provinces, cantons, counties, districts, or departments. In theory the representative goes to the national capital on behalf of his locality, and some observers are so innocent as to believe that "representation by locality" is responsible for the notorious lapses and futilities of modern republican government. These observers advocate representation by classes and interests. As a matter of fact there has never been, since the close of the Middle Ages, any other kind of organization. A member of Congress does not vote as the member of a community: he represents the political party whose control of the state the majority of his constituents has assented to: and as such he stands for a certain set of diffused group interests centered about—let us say—a protective tariff, or the collective ownership of public utilities. If the interests of localities had genuinely been dominant the state and federal governments in the United States would not have increased so greatly in power and prestige. Political platforms, however, are hardly under the surveillance of the local members of the parties. Hence the interests that they have furthered have been those advocated, not by particular cities or regions, but by active economic minorities. If we have not had a universal representation by interests it is only because we have permitted the substitute of representation by—apathies.

Granting that the state can function only by the advice and consent of these corporate groups the important problem for discussion is how the groups themselves are to be constituted. The question is not, as Mr. H. J. Mackinder supposes in his *Democratic Ideals and Realities* (Holt) *Interests versus Localities*; it is to what extent localities will figure in the development and formulation of interests. That the groups which guide the state must be made responsible goes without saying. But how are the purposes of these groups to

be-formulated; how are their wills to be carried out? At the final stage many political thinkers envisage a National Congress composed of industrial and professional associations with a representation proportionate to their respective memberships. This they denominate a producer's parliament, and the English theorists would counterbalance it with a consumer's parliament in which representatives would be drawn not from trades but from geographic areas. If representation by locality, however, be the fiction we have asserted, this bicameral conception is unworkable; for it would represent a cleavage between economic groups functioning through occupational associations and economic groups functioning through political associations, and in case of conflict there could be no other kind of agreement than that enforced by superior physical power.

Developments within the trade-union movement during the last half decade show that there is still a third possibility. In many cases the workers have found that organization by highly centralized national unions has the same defect that organization by centralized national states is guilty of—it ignores regional needs, peculiarities, and differences, and carries controlling power too far away from the those most concerned in its immediate application. The shop steward in England, the shop committee in America, and the factory Soviet in Hungary and Russia suggest that economic interests themselves must be organized primarily on a local basis. The federation of these local units within a single city or region; and the federation of regional labor associations into national or transnational bodies seem the more desirable methods of organization. This suggests plainly a reconciliation of the individual's interests as a worker and as a citizen, as the member of an industrial and the member of a political society. Both current theories leave these functions unintegrated: the politician would have the individual forget his class interests; the international trades-union executive would have him ignore his place interests. Ultimately, the security against arbitrary oppression by producers and consumers, drawn up in battle array, lies in the possibility of establishing this common basis for both of them. The city-region itself would function in this federal scheme as but a coeval economic association of consumers—not as a superior, governmental institution. Thus the state would eventually be neutralized—it would amount to little more than a highly respected Bureau of Standards. That is a far cry from the position it pretends to hold at present. But it may not in point of time be a distant one.

LEWIS MUMFORD,

Two Iconoclasts: Veblen and Vanderlip

FOR SOME YEARS REPUTABLE scientists have been free to investigate such problems as the nature of the atom and the possibility of producing frogs with only one parent without fear of the displeasure of the Grand Lama of Thibet or the condemnation of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Darwin's battle is well won, and when the priesthood of science takes issue with the older orders it is not science that has to give way. But the dispassionate search for truth in the complicated field of human relations has not yet attained the same standing; there is still a holy of holies into which only a few students have entered, and then at their peril. To weigh a star is admirable; to weigh an institution exposes one to the slings and arrows of an outraged press and an outworn scholasticism. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the words of America's foremost economist carry less weight with the readers, let us say of the New York Tribune or the North American Review, than do those of Nicholas Murray Butler and Elihu Root. In a less dangerous field of inquiry work comparable with that of Thorstein Veblen would win recognition as the beginning of an important new school. It is only because most of us are too deeply a part of our own institutions to be able to consider them scientifically that the exquisite irony of *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, the penetrating analysis of *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, and the dazzling conceptions which underlie the somewhat formidable *Instinct of Workmanship* have not won Mr. Veblen a formal place in the front rank of contemporary thinkers and prophets. The so-called difficulty of Veblen's style has nothing to do with the scant recognition that the Brahmins have accorded him. He is as easy to read as any man with as much to say.

A few years ago it seemed that such a diagnosis of human affairs as that in *The Theory of the Leisure Class* would have as little chance of altering the world for the better as the satires of Swift and Juvenal had of changing human nature. But our age has become dynamic. The world is fluid. The tides of proletarian revolution surge one way, the currents of reaction the other. The gap between the thinker and the doer has narrowed; the idle speculation of yesterday is the political issue of today and tomorrow. Mr. Veblen's latest contribution, *The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts* (Huebsch), although it still belongs in the field of inquiry rather than of propaganda, would be the well-worn handbook of

Plato's philosopher statesman, were there such a one in power.

"The aim of these papers," the author explains in a brief preface, "is to show how, and, as far as may be, why a discrepancy has arisen in the course of time between those accepted principles of law and custom that underlie business enterprise and the businesslike management of industry, on the one hand, and the material conditions which have now been engendered by that new order of industry that took its rise in the late eighteenth century, on the other hand; together with some speculations on the civil and political difficulties set afoot by this discrepancy between business and industry." The argument may be roughly indicated for DIAL readers not yet familiar with it. The modern theories of society took shape at the close of the period which connected the decay of feudalism with the beginning of machine industry. There is always a perceptible lag between "law and custom" on the one hand and everyday "knowledge and belief" on the other; the former never quite catch up, and are never quite reconciled with the demonstrable facts of the workday environment. In a period of rapid change there is a greater discrepancy than in static periods, but there is always a discrepancy. The more rapid the mechanical changes in the ways of living the greater the strain that is put upon law and custom. The last great restatement of accepted commonplaces was made in the generations following the Protestant Reformation. It reached its climax in the formulations of Adam Smith, who summarized a set of working principles well adapted to a society still largely in the handicraft stage. The French and American revolutions resulted in the stabilization of a handicraft economy and morality, just as handicraft was about to give way, by a leap more abrupt than any analogous one in history, to a totally different scheme of production. "The modern point of view," thus petrified, "is now some one hundred and fifty years old. There are two main counts included in this modern—eighteenth century—plan, which appear unremittingly to make for discomfort and dissension under the conditions offered by the New Order of things:—National ambition and the Vested Rights of Ownership. . . . Both of these immemorially modern rights of man have come to yield a net return of hardship and ill-will for all those peoples who have bound up their fortunes with that kind of enterprise."

Under the new order "the first requisite of ordinary productive industry is no longer the workman and his manual skill, but rather the mechanical equipment and the standardized processes in which the mechanical equipment is engaged. And this latterday industrial equipment and process embodies not the manual skill, dexterity, and judgment of the individual workman, but rather the accumulated technological wisdom of the community." It follows that any system of rewards based upon the assumption of exceptional individual "skill, dexterity, and judgment" is bound to clash more or less with the facts, and it is the nature of this clash to yield what Veblen calls "free income" to individuals who are religiously supposed to have exercised the virtues of self-help in a socially beneficial way roughly proportional to their rewards, but who actually stand rather in the position of obstructors of traffic. Free income is pleasantly spoken of in the business world as "intangible assets," and is commonly "derived from advantages of salesmanship rather than from productive work." Now, salesmanship patently aims to sell at a profitable price, and it is salesmanship that determines what the rate and quantity of production shall be. Commonly the rate is far below what the mechanical equipment would allow. During the late war, Veblen estimates, the American mechanical equipment was operated at something like fifty per cent of its technically possible output. "The habitual net production is fairly to be rated at something like one-fourth of the industrial community's productive capacity; presumably under that figure rather than over." From this reduced product "special privilege" takes its due share and it retains its grip on that share by an habitual, though quite lawful and even blameless, restriction upon output. For a concrete illustration of the author's point we have only to observe the current housing shortage, which has been brought about by the refusal of business men to build houses (that is, by businesslike sabotage) until a sufficient amount of "free income" was assured. Human needs can cut no figure in these calculations.

Akin to the rights and perquisites of business men in the national field are those of nations in the international field, and both have the practical effect of preventing the full use of the gigantic productive apparatus—and the more important body of technological skill and knowledge that perpetually re-creates it—which have developed since those rights and perquisites were guaranteed. Insofar as the league of nations turns out to be a league of governments and not of peoples it sanctions and encourages this vast system of international sabot-

age. The net profit of competitive nationalism has ceased to be apparent, but there remains at least a "psychic income" which the conferees at Paris were extremely solicitous to protect. This may content the dominating classes; as far as the welfare of the common man goes "the most beneficent change that can conceivably overtake any national establishment would be to let it fall into 'innocuous desuetude.'"

There are some points in this explanation upon which Lenin and Veblen might shake hands, others concerning which they would necessarily disagree. As to probabilities in this country Veblen is no alarmist—or, as some would say, no undue optimist. He sees no rapid discrediting of the old laws and customs in America, except among the comparatively few and outcast I.W.W., and perhaps among the members of the Non-Partisan League. The American Federation of Labor and the majority of the farmers, though hard-pressed, are still uncorrupted. Yet, as he has pointed out in a more recent discussion published in *THE DIAL*, there is already on foot a project for a coalition between the industrial workers on the one hand and the engineers and production managers on the other which may, peaceably and without social disruption, come to the same thing.

If Mr. Veblen escapes the clutches of the several leagues and committees which are now engaged in eliminating Bolshevism from the United States he will be accused of the slightly less heinous crime of preaching a variety of Socialism. In fact, he is as far from the dogmatism of Lenin or Marx as he is from that of Adam Smith or J. S. Mill. He is an observer, not a Utopian. To refute him his critics will be compelled to examine into certain neglected aspects of current production and productivity, and if economic discussion takes the trend he has indicated he will, whatever the outcome of the controversy, have done a distinguished service.

As applied to the present condition of Europe the Veblen method would consist in a complete rejection of the forms and pretenses of statesmanship and diplomacy and the giving of exclusive attention to the "state of the industrial arts." It is such an examination as this that Frank Vanderlip (perhaps the last well-known man in the United States to be suspected of dangerous radicalism) has made, without any doctrinal foresight, in the little volume which he calls *What Happened to Europe* (Macmillan). Before going abroad Mr. Vanderlip seems to have accepted without a qualm the conventional view of the war and of its effect upon Europe. He knew as much about it as a leading banker could know. But (or therefore) he found,

as he tells us, that he knew "practically nothing." On the continent he found industry prostrate, in the so-called victor nations as well as in those that were defeated. He became convinced, as the peace conferees unhappily seem not to have been, that "there will be security nowhere so long as there are, here and there, plague centers in which idleness, lack of production, disorganized transportation, want, and hunger make a breeding ground for the Bolshevik microbe." He perceived that an increase in national magnificence is quite consistent with a decline in the welfare of the common man: "The differential that England has had in the last generation, compared with America, has been the differential of a wage scale that averaged lower than the point at which the physical efficiency of labor could be maintained." He saw that "the disorganization of industry, of transportation, and of production has so thrown out of balance the intricate machinery of civilization that there is safety nowhere." Again and again he comes back to his heresy that "Europe must be treated as a unit."

Much has been made of Mr. Vanderlip's project for extending vast, long-time credits to Europe. It is essentially a sanitary measure. He explains:

I believe the stability of the present order of society, the maintenance of a society based upon the principle of property rights, is bound up with the way this problem is worked out in Europe. We cannot stand a world apart in its solution. Indeed, we cannot stand a world apart in any sense. No matter how self-sufficient we may believe ourselves to be, no matter how unlimited are the resources of natural wealth within us, we are inevitably part of what is coming to be a very small world, a world in which ideas travel with a freedom and rapidity that must force us to become internationalists in our views and must govern us by international considerations, whatever may be our natural tendencies of Chauvinism, or our disposition toward an insular isolation and security.

With the same sense of the necessity of preventing some dire disaster, roughly described as Bolshevism, Mr. Vanderlip admits the necessity of conceding to labor a share in the control of industry. In the past this has generally meant, in the minds of men subject to such an environment as that of Mr. Vanderlip, just such a modified feudalism as that set up (apparently with the best of intentions) by young Mr. Rockefeller in Colorado. The Rockefeller scheme is perhaps as near to economic democracy as the parliaments of the first three English Edwards were to representative government in twentieth century England. It may be a step forward, but it is nothing that need keep even an old-fashioned banker awake of nights. But Mr. Vanderlip seems convinced that the workers demand and must have some real power, and he sees that this is, in all countries, of more importance than increased wages or shortened working days. Thus:

It seems to me that the most important thing for American employers to grasp is the significance attached by workmen to bettering their social status in industry. At home I never miss an opportunity to gain enlightenment on the workmen's point of view, and I have been increasingly impressed with their desire for a larger voice in management. They do not want a voice either in the management or the responsibility of the business office, but they do want more to say about the immediate industrial conditions in which they work. I am thoroughly convinced that that aspiration is now world-wide and that America will feel the demand as strongly as it is now being felt in Europe. I believe it is a demand that American employers should heed, and that it should be met not merely by forced and grudging concessions, but rather from the point of view which is now held by many English employers. It is declared that what the men want is to be treated as intelligent participators in industry, to be consulted and to have things explained to them. It is a reasonable and logical claim, and employers themselves believe they will have to concede it.

Here and in other passages Mr. Vanderlip draws a distinct line between the control of production and the control of distribution. In the latter he does not seem to think the majority of the workers demand, or are qualified, to exercise any degree of control. If labor in this country and abroad attained all that Mr. Vanderlip at present wants to offer them the productive machinery would still be throttled down or speeded up by the necessities of the market. There would be a general improvement in the condition of labor and a somewhat more than corresponding increase in production, but the right of the owners of the industrial equipment and the natural resources to regulate the functions of production of their own interest, and against the public interest, would be in nowise impaired. But the distance that Mr. Vanderlip has covered is more remarkable than the distance that, if he is to become perfectly logical, he has yet to travel. He has left definitely behind him the last vestiges of the theory that the labor bargain is a free contract between individuals. He has stepped from the eighteenth century, if not into the twentieth, at least far into the nineteenth. The chief defect of his policy is, in fact, that he does not see all its implications. For one may be sure that great labor organizations which have had an influential voice in the making of their product will not patiently, and out of a respect for the boundaries between shop and market, see their hard work undone by a bungling system of distribution. Mr. Vanderlip's radicalism is more thoroughgoing than he himself may realize. Without disowning competitive nationalism or self-help—indeed, reaffirming them—he proposes to take some of the steps to save them that Mr. Veblen might take in the dry-eyed assurance that they are already lost.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

The Old Order and the New

WITHIN THE PROPOSED LEAGUE OF NATIONS A great league of nations already exists. It is called the British Empire. By the present covenant it is proposed that the United States should guarantee by force of arms and control of materials the territorial arrangements designated in the Peace Treaty. In Europe itself these arrangements define the relation of organized states to each other; but in the British Empire they define the relation of a dominant master-state to a broad and increasingly disaffected subject population. In effect, the United States is called upon to guarantee the integrity of the British Empire, in addition to that of the inchoate states of Europe. In so far as the British Empire is made up of self-governing dominions, the condition laid down in Article X need occasion no alarm. A federal union of equals is internally cohesive. But the British Empire contains subject states, subject colonies, and mandatories—territories which have been taken over for the purposes of exploitation. Above a million square miles have been added since the beginning of the war by "right" of might, both openly and under the guise of mandatories; and if the present treaty is signed and the Covenant allowed to pass without amendment this forcible appropriation (that is, pillage) will go by without protest. If we connive at this we are an accessory after the fact. The currency system might as well be founded on counterfeiting as a League of Nations upon the rights of military conquest. We are thus asked to guarantee by force an arrangement to which we cannot with honor give our consent. Now to guarantee the subjection of the Empire's foreign population will carry the United States one step further away from her democratic professions and anti-imperialist traditions. Consider the case of Ireland. Suppose a Sinn Fein government firmly entrenched and the present British army of occupation cut to pieces, and suppose that the British government appealed to the Council of Ten for aid on the ground that its territorial integrity was menaced. Would the United States assent to the embargo of Ireland? Could it withhold its assent under Article X? It is possible that the Irish question will be amicably settled, and this particular dilemma may not crop up, but it is an example of what may very well happen in the Empire's relations with Egypt, India, and the Near East—territories the Empire is bent upon politely exploiting. Great Britain has no moral claim to any of these territories. They were added by military con-

quest and have been administered by an unsympathetic bureaucracy for the benefit of home investors. These are no grounds for denying the right of self-determination to the underlying populations. To guarantee the British ascendancy in foreign lands is to establish the supremacy of the investing classes in Great Britain at the expense of political and industrial democracy. Our own history should teach us the dangers of this policy. The mercantile system which alienated the American Colonies from Great Britain was based upon a discrimination between colonial and imperial interests, a discrimination which sought to maintain permanently the economic inferiority of America for the benefit of the ruling classes at home. Great Britain's relations with China and India today follow the lines of this earlier pattern. If we underwrite the present empire we renounce the very basis and authority of our own independence. We perpetuate a situation we ourselves found insupportable. So long as labor has not captured the British state anything that adds to the power of the Empire adds to the strength and prestige of the ruling classes. The guarantees established by the Covenant sanction their continued supremacy. If this were still the America of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln we should not substantiate the claims of British imperialism, inflated as they are by the seizure of Egypt and the establishment of mandatories. The present treaty and covenant embody those claims. Therefore, in the interest of internal democracy, and international morality, these documents, as they stand, must be rejected. The United States can exist without the British Empire. In the present state of the Empire its existence must be precarious without the aid of the United States. That is the ultimate reason for refusing our sanction.

THE PEACE TREATY HAVING BEEN SIGNED, metropolitan newspapers are asking their readers to marvel at the fact that some fourteen separate wars are still raging on the continent of Europe. The most marvelous thing about this business is that the journalistic mind can break one situation into so many artificially separated items. There is under way in Europe one revolution of the familiar political sort—that of Ireland against Great Britain. Two territorial wars are likewise in progress—between Jugoslavia and Austria, and Poland and

Ukraina. The other dozen wars are one—the rebellion of the proletariat against the proprietariat. Here the forces of the Old Order fall into four groups. From Archangel to the Baltic shore and inland again to Galicia stretches the crescent of the new Eastern front, where British and German troops are making Russia safe for the operation of a half-dozen armies—North Russian, Finnish, Estonian, Livonian, Lithuanian, Polish—now in the field against the Soviet Republic. Denikin in the South and Kolchak in the East are cutting off Old Russia from outlets won in the days of Peter the Great and Catherine the Insatiable. To the West, lesser armies of Roumanians and Czechs are clustering around another victim—Soviet Hungary. And everywhere—in Siberia and Galicia, on the White Sea and the Black—are the uniforms of those organizers of new proprietarian armies, the officers of Britain and France. In this fashion, in one great astounding war, there is exhibited the international unity of thought and action that has given birth to the League of Corporations.

AS LABOR IN EUROPE AND ELSEWHERE RESORTS to industrial action to effect political ends, it seems as though the world might discover, in the years ahead, where and how, in the interest of a progressive civilization, political action can be put to use. While political government has served as a tool for the accomplishment of ends which are distinctly finite, it has figured traditionally among common people as a sacrosanct institution. They have been permitted in the most advanced communities to approach the institution at regular, stated, or convenient intervals with a paper offering which they might drop on the altar. This act of the common people constituted a state of affairs called democracy. Having just waged a war for the continuation of this happy state, we are naturally shocked to find that the common people of Europe propose to regard the political machinery at the knocked-down valuation to which it has been reduced. There are methods of handling this machinery more realistic than the ballot, and some of these methods are open to the common as well as the uncommon man. All may play the game of hold-up in one way or another. The workers have been loth to use their power, but they have discovered as a result of the war that if their participation in the affairs of common life is to be more than a myth they must accept the terms which others have set up. The game is crude, but the crudity did not become apparent until it threatened to become common. As a matter of fact as labor succeeds in opening up the game for common use and advertising the crudities of political methods there will be a chance, for the first time in the history of political government, to discover how far political machinery can serve political, that is common, interests.

WEEKS PASS AND THE CASE OF KOLCHAK V. THE Soviets drags on interminably. John A. Embry, sometime United States consul at Omsk, reports wholesale killing in the region where the White Terror and the Red overlap—killing for which the Bolsheviks are responsible, Mr. Embry says (New York Times, July 1). Upon being questioned, the witness states that he now represents a firm of exporters and importers with headquarters at the capital of the Kolchak Government! Comes then one Joshua Rosett, sent into Siberia by the Committee on Public Information, a branch of our government not yet suspected of pro-Bolshevist tendencies. This witness testifies that Kolchak broke up the Zemstvo government in Siberia, suppressed free speech and free press, and "exiled or murdered every member of the Russian Constituent Assembly upon whom he could lay his hands" (New Republic, July 9); the Admiral's method of dealing individually with the members of the Assembly will appear very ingenious when it is remembered that the majority of these persons are now of the Bolshevik persuasion. In a confidential dispatch from the Far East, Arthur Bullard, another representative of Mr. Creel's Committee, says that "allied support of Kolchak's experiment in reaction is a feature regrettable" (The Nation, July 19). Thus the volume of testimony grows; spectators come and go, wondering casually what the final outcome will be, blind to the fact that those who sit in high places have already given a verdict and that the executions are in progress. Russia asks for bread and receives—whiffs of grapeshot. Typhus and cholera are raging, but medical supplies are denied and material of this sort shipped by the Danish Red Cross is turned back by the Allied forces. The formalities of a trial are superfluous when starvation and the plague are already guiding the hand of "justice" to the throat of the Russian people.

THE RECENT STATEMENT OF OUR NEW UNDER Secretary of State to the effect that the Soviet Government of Russia could scarcely expect recognition unless it declared itself willing to pay its foreign debts, or rather to recognize as its own debts incurred by the former Czaristic and Kerensky regimes, is significant, and not altogether self-explanatory—which debts would the Under Secretary have the Russians recognize? Is he speaking for his own country alone, or is it intended to throw the American Government's influence behind the claims of France and England as well? In Article 21 of Annex II of the recently published treaty between Poland and the Allied and Associated Powers "Poland agrees to assume responsibility for such proportion of the Russian public debt and other Russian public liabilities of any kind as may

be assigned to her under a special convention between the principal allied and associated powers on the one hand and Poland on the other, to be prepared by a commission appointed by the above states." This assignation, it may be assumed, will be based on the estimated extent to which present Polish territory benefited by the application of the proceeds of foreign loans. To this extent at least the Soviet Government will be absolved from delivering the sum that Poland can be induced to assume. How much of the funds raised in the United States by the pre-Soviet Russian Governments were actually turned over to these Governments, and how much liability can be justly allotted to the present Russian Government when the former Russian Governments (or their accredited representatives when the Governments themselves ceased to exist) not only refused to turn over public funds in their possession, but obviously appropriated them for their own use even to the extent of financing counter revolution and foreign intervention against the de facto Russian Government? It would seem clear from the amount of Russian loans floated in this country and the supplies sent from here to Russia that American citizens indeed hold some just claims against the Russian state, or the Russian people under whatever government it may be, for value received. Have these claims been formulated by their holders, examined by the State Department, communicated to the Soviet Government—and been disavowed by it? The public is entitled to these facts, if they exist, since it is only on the basis of facts, authoritative and convincing, that it can come to any just conclusions. Are we to settle our own difficulties with Russia according to our own straightforward, single-handed American manner, or is our State Department to maintain its obdurate attitude toward that struggling people till the Entente Powers have carved out satisfactorily extensive pledges in timber and oil of an indebtedness which their diplomacy in Russia had precluded them from realizing by fair and peaceful means? It depends, first, upon how much time it will take the savage tribes that fringe the territory of Russia, backed by Entente and Japanese troops and supplies, to battle their way to Moscow and stamp out Bolshevism in a country where 80 to 90 per cent of the population appears to have accepted its formulas; second, upon the lease of life extended by the popular parties of England, France, and Italy to their present imperialistic governments. Finally it depends upon the ability of these imperialistic governments and their American agents and friends to dyke up with their one-sided atrocity propaganda, the rising tide of protest of the American people at our Government's smug attitude toward starving and blockaded Russia. The success of Kolchak is dubious; the tenure of the European governments is infirm. It is therefore on the corruption of American opinion that counter-revolutionary propaganda is centered.

UNLESS UNIVERSAL CONSCRIPTION FOR MILITARY training is got under way in a hurry, we shall be obliged to use a volunteer army in our potential war with Mexico. Such being the case, it may be wise to begin at once to gather material for the recruiting posters. Much data relative to the causes of the war, now in free circulation, may otherwise be unavailable when we have in hand the business of touching the "hearts and minds" of men of military age. Let it be set down then that irregularities in Russia have done much to curtail Europe's supply of oil. Concurrently with the Peace Conference there was held in Paris an informal gathering of those gentlemen who control as much of the world's oil supply as has not been cut off by the unreasonable Bolsheviks. Nothing happened. Until presently there appeared a Council of Twenty—financiers—purely informal—organized to look after investments in Mexico, where extinction of private property in oil wells is threatened. Since that time events have moved with gathering speed. Felix Diaz is conducting a revolution in behalf of law and order—and property rights. Villa, on a summer swing around the circle, has given the United States the opportunity to commit what Carranza might choose to consider an act of war against Mexico. Carranzist promises to let the oil kings go their way in Mexico have alternated with stories of drilling stopped by force of arms, and of Americans killed by ruffians—rather less often than in our own South. The whole business has finally got into such a muddled state that the New York Times has hired an ex-consul of ours to run up a trial balance and see just how much money each of the powers now has tied up in Mexico. The totals are approximately: America \$870,000,000; Great Britain \$670,000,000; France \$285,000,000; Germany \$75,000,000 (very menacing). Now in order that there shall be no departure from the spirit of true internationalism, the war against Mexico should not be conducted by any one nation for a selfish purpose, but by the League of Corporations, functioning through the United States army for convenience's sake. When all these facts are widely published and it is made clear that the object of that war is to be the purely humanitarian one of conserving private property, there will be no end of young men eager to be buried near the oil wells.

EXPERIENCE HAS OF LATE MADE IT INCREASINGLY easy for Americans to make the logical leap from the beginning of a project of repression to its conclusion. By consequence the news that the Rand School had been raided was accepted in some quarters as an announcement that the institution had been closed. But for once force has not kept pace with inference. While lawyers deliberate the means of suppression, the work of the School proceeds.

Casual Comment

HOW OFTEN, IN THE COURSE OF INDIVIDUAL AND collective history do love of war, love of power, love of woman, or of the several arts draw rich curtains of emotion between the intellect of man and those flat realities of life that seem so to cry out for study and appraisal! How much will a man endure from outrageous fortune if only his verses have occasional acceptance, or his lady smile once in a moon! For Baudelaire, one kind or another of inebriety is a necessity—to hide from men the bare bones of truth, unendurable to the eye. Just now, when the promises of religion are becoming daily less effective as palliatives for unendurable conditions, certain people who accept a full measure of religious comfort—being for the most part little in need of it—are engaged in a very energetic campaign to remove out of existence a cherished comforter which has helped for a long time to hold people of another sort in quietude. For the most part the church people do not want to see things generally upset, and yet here they are, depriving the workman of his beer! Perhaps they do not understand the stabilizing effect of beer upon society, in which case Mr. Gompers of the American Federation of Labor will willingly supply the necessary data. The wobblies of the I.W.W. would also be willing to testify, though unlike Mr. Gompers they have no vested interest in stability. It is even said that they accuse Mr. Gompers of bad faith, insisting that for the failing consolation of

Pie
In the sky
By and by

he is far too willing to substitute the amber joys of

Beer
Right here.

WHEN AMERICA WAS STILL A SPECTATOR OF THE European conflict, our theater audiences had stomach for the realities of the war. In those days we used to wonder at London. The excellently illustrated weeklies emanating from that city pictured the streets filled with crippled men and the wreckage of Zeppelin raids, and the theater stages ablaze with the khaki-clad choruses of new musical comedies avowedly inspired by the war. The last two years have given New York, and the rest of America, a taste of the same indecency. For a time every tall Venus draped in the colors of an Allied country was received among us with applause that drowned the music of the national anthem she danced to. A chorus of such allegorical figures aroused deeper feelings of spiritual unity with our Allies than have since been inspired by the peace-pageant at Paris. Such diverse theatrical performances as *The Better 'Ole* and *The Burgomaster of Belgium* remind us that we have been in the war, and that we are still so much in it that we cannot look at it open-eyed.

The Bairnsfather-Eliot "fragment from France" serves the mellow mood that has grown out of victory. In reality its humor is just as appropriate as that of Hamlet's grave-diggers—but the irony of the situation is lost upon the audience and, we think, upon the authors. For Old Bill's armor of blind cheerfulness the Burgomaster substitutes another and a better defense against reality. A mind fully occupied with horror of the enemy has no place for a more monstrous horror. But some day, when we dare look at war again for what it is, somebody will write a real war play. The people who have sons and brothers buried in France will not be able to sit through this play. Many men who were there in the lines and came back again will be afraid to see it. . . . In many households of diseased inheritance, conventionality has deadened thought; in such households Ibsen's *Ghosts* is unendurable. The real war play will be like that; it will let realities crawl out from behind the curtain of emotion.

OUT OF RESPECT TO MR. GEORGE SYLVESTER Viereck it is impossible to review his psychoanalytic study of Theodore Roosevelt (Jackson Press; New York). He has prophesied that it will not be reviewed in the American press, and a prophet must not be left without honor in his own land. Besides, the book is of a nature to confuse the unsophisticated reviewer. It has nothing to do with psychoanalysis; little to do with the late president; and everything—oh! pages and pages—to do with Mr. Viereck. Why should a student of psychoanalysis give himself away so completely: is it that he lacks the Freudian technique of self-analysis? The author of *The Erotic Motive in Literature* (Boni & Live-right), Mr. Albert Mordell, will be happy to supply him a vocabulary which will obviate the necessity for his studying the subject. Mr. Viereck cruelly publishes Roosevelt's ante-bellum eulogies of Mr. William Hohenzollern, late German Emperor; therefore he is sadistic; he suffers from his admiration for Mr. Roosevelt; therefore, he is masochistic; he peeps at Mr. Roosevelt's naked soul; therefore he is voyeuristic; he exhibits the true inwardness of his own personality and career, and therefore he is exhibitionistic! Mr. Viereck must not object to this reciprocal analysis of his character, for as he himself has aptly paraphrased, those who take up psychoanalysis shall perish by psychoanalysis. Of course this has nothing to do with Mr. Viereck's reputation as a literary man, or with the decision of the Author's League to take away his union label. And, to speak frankly, Mr. Mordell is not capable of contributing a valid criticism of Mr. Viereck's standing in that department: his appreciation of literature is as deep as Mr. Viereck's knowledge of the psychoanalyst's technique, and may be expressed mathematically as varying inversely with the number of terms the author has extracted from the work of Freud, Brill, and others. A rich Freudian vocabulary, however, is hardly an adequate substitute for a mature insight

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into human motives and actions. An author who can cite the mental evolution of John Ruskin from art critic to economist as an evidence of eccentricity is incapable of evaluating the most simple psychological development. The assumption of the Freudian technique in the case of such a person is a simple defense reaction to prevent the exposure of his incriminating lack of common sense. The method is to substitute a verbal symbol for a genuine idea. It is a mark of the pseudo-Freudian that he holds the symbol to be more significant than the fact. His mythological conception of human origins does not begin with the union of Adam and Eve: it begins with the serpent. And the serpent leaves the slimy trail of its symbolism across the whole garden of existence.

The Bellman [b.1906-d.1919] "will not overstay his welcome or overplay his part. . . . Other times and other manners, also other journals to suit them."

The Review [b.1919-d.?] "takes itself so seriously that the difficulty will be . . . simply to secure readers, or enough of them, in this country, who were born without a sense of humor."—*The Bellman, Farewell Number, June 28, 1919.*

IT IS NOT WITHOUT REGRET THAT THE DIAL turns to look down Grub Street after the departing figure of The Bellman. For thirteen years this dignified person has gone this way each week, garbed always in the red waistcoat and three-cornered hat which set off to best advantage a florid countenance glowing with respectable sincerity. Of late a puzzled expression has become familiar to this face; The Bellman's voice has seemed a trifle querulous; the notes of the Bell itself have at times been scarcely audible among the multitudinous new voices in the street. But bravely now, if thinly, tinkles its swan-song:

At last, on June 23, it was officially announced that the republican government of Germany had acceded unconditionally to the allies' terms, and thus peace was at last assured, with democracy triumphant in every part of the world, and the League of Nations created as a promise for the future of mankind.

And, on June 28, having rung in the new, the Bell falls silent! But not before the Bellman has met and saluted another figure, bound out into the town. This stranger, an infant in stature, has the parchment face, the solemn vacant eye, the fumbling gestures of extreme age; his broadcloth garb, his slow and measured step, and above all the convincing angle at which he carries his cane proclaim him a gentleman of immaculate lineage and indisputable good taste. With a well-bred, humorless smile of skepticism, he listens to the last optimistic echoes of the Bell, shakes his head sadly, and crosses the street, stepping daintily round the puddles in the roadway and pausing at the nearer curb to buy a paper and drop a penny in a beggar's cap. Then he tucks his stick under his arm,

spreads the paper for convenient reading as he goes along, and displays before our very eyes an arresting headline: "Democracy Triumphant . . . Russia . . . Hungary . . . Rumors of Something Happening . . ." For a moment the little old gentleman's savoir faire deserts him. Then his expression of puzzlement gives place to one of anger, and he calls out—after the manner of a town crier—"Hear ye! Hear ye! Nothing shall ever happen here!" And at that he shakes his cane excitedly, as though it were a bell, apparently oblivious to the fact that it gives forth no sound. Thus crying and gesticulating, he goes on his way, and in a moment his dry monotone is lost amidst the multitudinous new voices in the street.

IN THESE DAYS OF DISILLUSIONMENT AND ECONOMIC upheaval there no longer inheres in statesmanship such dignity as resided there when nationalistic politics were in full glory. The statesman is a liberal or a conservative—never of revolutionary tendencies, except perhaps where revolution is purely political in character. It would seem then that Sir Horace Plunkett and the other founders of The Irish Statesman have limited by a name the cruising radius of their new weekly, just launched out into the stormy Irish Sea. However Sir Horace's record in the Irish cooperative movement promises wider economic interests than the name of the publication implies. For the time being, the periodical "will devote its main, but not its whole, attention to the immediate satisfaction of . . . the fundamental right of self-government," realizable, the editors believe, through the creation in Ireland of an instrument of government modeled upon those of the British overseas dominions. With liberalism in politics the new journal will combine the expected modicum of interest in the arts, giving Sir Horace Plunkett a running mate in the person of W. B. Yeats, who proposes, so the announcement says, "to deal with new tendencies and rival theories [in the arts] rather than with the comparative merits of individual works."

EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY

MARTYN JOHNSON

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

HELEN MAROT

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

CLARENCE BRITTEN, *Associate*

Communications

TO MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

In my room I read and write,
Somewhere men cry out and fight.

Mary Carolyn Davies in *The Dial*, June 14, 1919.

In your room you read and write—and write—
And hush and hearken, dreaming, through the night

And look and listen through the day and grow
To something deep and strange and come to know
The dumb unspeaking beauty of sad eyes,
The burden of bent backs; the unheeded wise
Unconscious gesture of the troubled Folk
Who bear, ox-eyed, the unending martyr yoke.
The outreaching throng of men and women pass
Always before the inner sight; the glass
That shuts you from the Infinite wears thin—
The great arc widens to the god within.

Desire that leads you burning by the hand
And lays on you the touch of far, strange land;
Desire that gives your spirit wings, your eyes
The look beyond the gulfs to dawn-red skies;
Ears open to Tomorrow's greater Word;
Heart by the world's heartbeat endlessly stirred
Keep your lamp burning through our dark and hold
Your spirit four-square to the winds and fold
With breath of comrades, searching out the dawn
"Of spirits exquisite." High heart, press on!
The altar-flame whereon your thought burns bright
Helps light the Future's torch. Yours is the white
And burning way of spirits. Live and lead
Tomorrow's children in their hungry need.

MARY SIEGRIST.

New York City.

REVOLUTIONARY MANNERS, AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN

SIR: In 1776 an active, organized, and disreputable minority was able in America then, as in Russia today, to overthrow the constituted political authority and to direct a revolution along the Bolshevik lines. Take the following account of the American Bolsheviks of 1776-87 done in twentieth century style *a la Russe*:

From lawless persecution of the *antis* by irresponsible mobs, the Bolsheviks had advanced to a control by revolutionary committees, who drove them from the community, denouncing them as "incorrigibles," and forbidding them food or comfort. Then the provincial conventions took them in hand, and finally the district *soviets* and the Soviet Congress. The aim of persecution seemed at first to be the conversion of the *anti*; but as the war advanced a spirit of revenge and hate was manifest. The Bolsheviks forgot that these men had been their respected neighbors, and they seemed to believe them born with a natural ferocity, like the savage.

The refugees at least escaped further personal persecution, though they left their property at the mercy of the Bolsheviks; but the suspected *antis*—those who did not

openly take the British side, though they would not declare against them—were constant sufferers. They were early deprived of the right to vote, for they were not citizens of the new state, the Bolsheviks argued, if they refused the oath of allegiance. When they tried to vote they were fined or imprisoned. All offices of trust or profit were forbidden them. In the courts of law not even the rights of a foreigner were left them. . . . Their deeds of gift were invalid, and their property was at the mercy of their fellow-men. None of them might serve on a jury, and lawyers who refused the oath of allegiance to the Bolshevik cause were denied practice in the courts. . . . That the rabble should have made all practical justice impossible for the *antis* was an inevitable result of the war, but the refusal by the *soviets* of even theoretical justice shows how deep-seated political hate had become. . . . The laws did not stop here, but placed an interdict upon all speaking or writing against the Bolshevik cause. [The] Congress [of Soviets] urged this . . . and the states acted so readily that it was soon truthfully said that "there is more liberty in Turkey than in the dominions of Congress." . . . No word was tolerated against the raising of a Soviet army, and not a whisper derogatory to the Soviet money. Undoubted Bolsheviks might safely refuse the paper money, but a suspected *anti* became the sink for all this financial refuse. . . . Let him protest, and a violent attack swept away all his wealth at once. He was treated as a "disaffected and evil-minded person" who had entered a "gigantic plot" to depreciate the Soviet money.

In the midst of this democratic revolution the liberty of the individual was hedged on every side. The presence of many spies made the identification of strangers very important, hence every traveller, whether gentleman, express carrier, or common beggar, was forced to keep a certificate of character from Congress or some local committee. Innkeepers, ferrymen, and stage-drivers were fined if they failed to ask for it. Reputed *antis* could not get these certificates and were in consequence tied to their homes. . . . Whole anti districts were at times "rooted out," that those "abominable pests of society" might be prevented from mischief. "Not to crush these serpents before their rattles are grown," wrote General L—, "would be ruinous."

During their enforced journeys to exile, the *antis* asserted that they were treated with great cruelty, even driven like herds of cattle to distant provinces. . . . Armed bands of rangers scoured the country in every direction in search of "traitors," bringing their victims to special committees for trial. In general, the provinces which were the seats of active war made the most rigorous application of the treason laws.

Not only were the refugees forever exiled if attainted with treason, but they had no property with which to resume the old life, even if permitted to return unmolested to their former dwelling-places. Every vestige of their possessions had been taken from them, at first by a nibbling system of fines and special taxation, and later by the "all-devouring rage for confiscation."

It may be rather startling to turn to such a modernized version of the standard authority on the American Revolution (C. H. Van Tyne, *The American Revolution, in The American Nation: A History*, vol. 9, p. 255 *et seq.*). It is presented verbatim with all the changes indicated by italicized words. The Whigs were obviously the Bolsheviks of that day; the Tories or Loyalists were the *antis*; while the Continental Congress, with its entirely extra-legal and revolutionary authority, was the forerunner of the modern Soviet.

ARTHUR C. COLE.

Urbana, Illinois.

AN EARLY DEFIER OF ROYALTY

SIR: In these days when the trade of king and emperor is attended with certain hazards, it may not be out of place to call attention to the following letter, which was addressed to that very absolute and Christian monarch, Philip II of Spain. It is taken from the early accounts of Amazonian exploration, translated and published by the Hakluyt Society. The letter has been lost sight of, although it might have played a useful part in the various struggles against royal authority in the past, and would have given some comfort to Cromwell and possibly to the denouncers of George III. The author is Lope de Aguirre, who was a member of an exploring expedition organized in 1549 by Pedro de Ursua, governor of Ouito in Peru.

The expedition descended the river Huallaga to the Amazon. There Aguirre conspired against Ursua, murdered him and his wife, elected one Guzman to the command, and continued the voyage in search of gold and El Dorado. Aguirre afterwards killed Guzman and made himself chief. His course down the river was marked by cruelties and atrocities of every kind, so that the name Aguirre is still used by the Indians to frighten their children. He finally reached the sea. The following is a letter he sent to Philip:

I take it for certain that few kings go to hell, because they are so few in number, but if there were many none of them would go to heaven. For I believe that you are all worse than Lucifer, and that you hunger and thirst after human blood; and further, I think little of you and despise you all, nor do I look upon your government as more than an air bubble. They named me Maestro del Campo, and because I did not consent to their evil deeds they desired to murder me. I therefore killed our new king (Ursua), the captain of his guard, his lieutenant general, four captains, his major domo, his chaplain who said mass, a woman, a knight of the order of Rhodes, an admiral, two ensigns and five or six of his servants. It is my intention to carry on the war on account of the many cruelties which thy ministers have committed. I named captains and sergeants, and because these men wanted to kill me I hanged them all. We continued our course while all this evil was befalling us, and it was eleven months and a half before we reached the mouth of the river, having travelled more than fifteen hundred leagues. I advise thee not to send any Spanish fleet up this ill-omened river, for on the faith of a Christian I swear to thee, O King, that if a hundred thousand men should go up not one would escape.

It is sad to relate that the King did send a fleet, and captured and hanged Aguirre.

W. T. COUNCILMAN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

WRITING TO THE TIMES

SIR: THE DIAL has done great service in calling attention to the outrageous disregard of the public press for truth or for honor. In particular you have had occasion to point out the sins of the New York Times in this regard. Perhaps your readers will be interested in another illustration:

On June 25 the New York Times printed rather

prominently a letter from William Adams Brown Jr., who took as his text the report of a speech of mine on Russia. The communication was headed Radicals for Tyranny—They Demand Freedom Here But Would Crush It in Russia. And the heading was a somewhat abrupt way of saying what the writer had said more courteously. Mr. Brown also alleged that Admiral Kolchak had no responsibility for the ghastly "death train," and that it was "false and indefensible" in me to blame Kolchak for it.

To this letter I replied, pointing out that the death train was last heard of on December 20, and that Admiral Kolchak after a coup d'etat proclaimed himself supreme ruler in Siberia on November 18, so that it was difficult to see why he had no responsibility for the train. I also stated that I had consistently criticized Bolshevism for its denial of civil liberty, but went on to point out reasons why the Soviet Government was infinitely preferable to Admiral Kolchak's dictatorship.

The New York Times never published this letter of mine and never answered any inquiries with regard to it, and yet the New York Times talks piously about Bolshevik denials of free speech. It is very evident that our ruling classes are leaving nothing undone to prove that Lenin was right when he said there was no freedom of speech in the so-called democracies of the West because the capitalist class controlled the newspapers, halls, and meeting places.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City.

Contributors

Walter B. Pitkin is author of *The Art and Business of Story Writing* (Macmillan) and of a number of essays on philosophical subjects; he was also one of the authors of *The New Realism* (Macmillan). At the present time he is Professor of Journalism at Columbia University.

Morris R. Cohen is Professor of Philosophy in the College of the City of New York, and author of numerous magazine articles on subjects connected with the philosophy of law.

James Harvey Robinson is the author of numerous historical treatises, and the leader of the American school of intellectual historians. He has recently left Columbia to become a director and teacher in the New School for Social Research.

Robert L. Duffus, who has had some years' experience as a newspaper editorial writer, now holds this position on the staff of the New York Globe. He has contributed to various liberal journals a number of articles on political and economic subjects.

Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer) is author of *The Border of the Lake*, *The Sharing*, and other verse. She has also translated poems by Gautier and Gregh.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for THE DIAL.

Notes on New Books

THE WILD SWANS OF COOLE. By William Butler Yeats. 114 pages. Macmillan.

The world loves to weigh its hypothetical losses—particularly in the domain of art, where the deflection of a craftsman who has made a noteworthy contribution in one field and has subsequently directed his talents into other channels becomes a theme of exhaustless speculation. To say what a poet or a dramatist might have done, if he had not done something else, is a species of criticism in which the hazards of refutation are slight, a circumstance which possibly accounts for its wide dissemination. To estimate achievements which—in the nature of things—cannot exist is a facile form of appreciation, a mode of appraisal perhaps too patronizing to be prized. William Butler Yeats has come in for occasional doses of this sedative in the shape of recurrent sighs over the loss which his absorption in the Irish Literary Theatre movement involved to his lyric output. One recalls Mr. Weygandt, in *Irish Plays and Playwrights*, raising the question whether the world shall win "adequate compensation" for the "lost lyrics" of the Yeats of the nineties. Other voices, raised in a similar query, emphasize their point by pouncing upon the lyric passages in Yeats' dramatic poetry as though these were hares of the chase—triumphant trophies of vindication. The defect of all such puzzling is, of course, a failure to take account of, or at any rate to credit, the inner creative impulses of the artist, which are pretty generally at the root of the deflection and pretty generally unanswerable. The appearance of a new volume of Yeats' verse, *The Wild Swans of Coole*, may serve to fan the embers of speculation. There are not, however, among these forty poems any which are destined to strengthen the contention of the mourners over the "lost lyrics." Despite flashes of the old magic, and passages which glow with Yeats' haunting fervor, there is an absence of that sustained mystic charm which pervaded the earlier collections. Nor is the folk flavor so delicately mirrored as it used to be. Indeed, the mood of the collection is largely retrospective—a fact of which the poet seems recurrently conscious:

Discoverers of forgotten truth
Or mere companions of my youth,
All, all are in my thoughts to-night, being dead.

The foregoing is from the poem *In Memory of Major Robert Gregory*. There is another, *Men Improve With the Years*:

But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

One or two of the briefer poems, notably one called *To a Squirrel at Kyle-na-Gno*, present Yeats in the aspect of seeking to copy the simplicity, or rather the Irish naivete, of James Stephens—and doing it in-

differently well. As for *The Balloon of the Mind*—

Hands, do what you're bid;
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed

—it has the gesture of Greenwich Village about it. More in the spirit of the earlier Yeats are *The Phases of the Moon*, with its subtly evoked images, and *The Sad Shepherd*, told with the poetic dignity which weaves a potent charm. Considered as a whole, however, *The Wild Swans of Coole* beat upon the fancy with ineffectual wings.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC.
By Francis Grierson. 93 pages. Lane.

One is tempted to dispose of this bizarre and pathetically insipid volume, by one of our most distinguished "culture-philistines" (to employ Nietzsche's phrase), simply by the method of quotation—if only because one's sense of humor makes any critical analysis quite impossible. The book is sufficiently described in its sub-title: we are told, in so many words, to fall down upon our knees and worship Abraham Lincoln, "the greatest practical mystic the world has known for nineteen hundred years"—not to make Christ subordinate to the astute joke-loving statesman who "saved the Union" for the greater future of the recent war. On this latter, Francis Grierson has a little, though quite unconscious, joke of his own: "The war," he says, speaking of the "spiritual renaissance" that is upon us, "has crushed the juice out of the orange on the tree of pleasure and nothing is left but the peel over which materialism is slipping to its doom." One suspects that Mr. Grierson intends something very mystical here, but the secret is between him and Abraham Lincoln. What Lincoln would have thought of this book may be deduced from an anecdote the book relates, an illustration of the Great Emancipator's sardonic way of dealing with enthusiasts of all kinds:

Lincoln received them with a neutral politeness, sometimes mingled with a grim humor, as when Robert Dale Owen read to him a long manuscript presumed to be highly inspirational and illuminating, and Lincoln replied, "Well, for those who like that sort of thing that is the thing they would like."

NEW FALLACIES OF MIDAS. By Cyril E. Robinson. 294 pages. McBride.

The author of this book does not make any fresh contributions to political economy. His survey of industrial and economic problems proceeds from the baseline established by the classical school, and his triangulations come to an appropriate apex in two chapters on "the rights of the individual" and "compromise." What gives the work some slight distinction is that whereas the methods of the survey are traditional the ground over which the author

ranges has been explored only in a perfunctory way by the orthodox economist. Mr. Robinson is cognizant of contributions to his science which have not been fitted into the main body of economic doctrine: the socialist, the syndicalist, the guild socialist, the cooperator, he does not ignore. The protest of Ruskin is considered and Unto This Last is finally recognized for what it is—a wonderful book, worthy of examination and criticism. Moreover there is a chapter on Utopia, a review of Morris's *News from Nowhere*. This is an excellent indication of the author's willingness to consider foreign hypotheses, even though it is not pledge of a just appraisal. Heretofore the only Utopia the economist deemed worthy of consideration was that quite non-existent paradise of perfect competition, complete freedom of contract, and corrosive individualism which the most depraved realities of Manchester, Lille, Elberfeld-Barmen, and Newark only faintly simulated. The economist's assertion that this particular Utopia of his is any nearer to the current situation is contradicted by the numerous exceptions he is compelled to make in order to take into account the existence of monopolies, corporations, and trade unions. In fact the exceptions overwhelm the rule. In treating the commercial economist's social postulates as the basis of merely one out of a number of possible Utopias Mr. Robinson has made a considerable advance in logical technique. It is a method calculated to relax the bonds of economic dogma.

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP. By Christopher Morley. 289 pages. Doubleday, Page.

With Mr. Morley the emphasis is always on the cultivation, and never on the cult, of letters; he leaves polemics to the profound. He hugs his literary likings openly—a weakness perhaps, but one from which he draws a genial, boyish delight. Furthermore it is a quality which wins him a circle of influence fairly impervious to the disparagements of those who maintain that literature should command more judicial handling. There are snatches of almost everything in *The Haunted Bookshop*, for Mr. Morley throws off his impressions like an emery wheel—a contact which can hardly fail to sharpen one's bookish edge. To be sure, the selective instinct is still in a rudimentary state, and *The Haunted Bookshop* shelters some trivial ghosts—so many in fact that the author may be accused of mirroring the superficialities of the contemporary (1919) mind too assiduously. Time will deal harshly with Mr. Morley's tarrying over Tarzan and kindred ephemera. As for the plot which gives a fictional skeleton to the book, it is perhaps the most cheerfully unconvincing myth of pro-German intrigue on record. One can only credit the actions of Mr. Morley's secret agents by assuming that they chose to sacrifice the Fatherland upon the altar of Mr. Morley's convenience.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Vol. 4. 313 pages. Doran.

FORTY DAYS IN 1914. By Major-General Sir F. Maurice. 213 pages. Doran.

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN. By H. W. Nevins. 427 pages. Holt.

1914. By Viscount French. 386 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE. By Charles Downer Hazen. 428 pages. Holt.

Ultimately books about the war will divide into two classes: history and apology. The line between them is not yet established. The historian loses his neutral interest in truth, and doth protest too much; the apologist desires to make out a case for himself or his tribe and manhandles the evidence. In despair at arriving at an unperverted account of the facts the unpartisan reader might well be tempted to lay aside the weighty burden of critical appreciation and allow the whole mass of apologetic history and historic apology to be handed down, unsorted, to those Keepers of the Book of Judgment, the future generations. Certain books however are strait enough to avoid moral and intellectual messiness: Sir Conan Doyle's voluminous narrative of the Western conflict is one of them. The present volume embraces the British campaign in France and Flanders in 1917, and since the ban is now off mentioning the names of units, it should be of considerable interest to those who participated, by personal effort or by sympathy, in the movements of that critical year. It is one of those works which everyone must have and no one is under any compulsion to read. Major-General Sir F. Maurice's book is in a different class. He limits his field of inquiry to the perilous forty days in 1914 which lost the war for Germany. Without asserting that his is an authoritative history, Sir Frederick makes an interesting conjectural analysis of the German plan of campaign. After pointing out that the abilities of the Allies in military and economic organization were not inferior to those of the Central Powers, and that the Anglo-French field strategy, even in the early days, was full of unexpectedly superior brilliancies, the author attributes Germany's prolonged differential advantage to the unity of the high command. This was capable of not merely employing "military force to the best advantage, but of combining the whole power of the nation, the whole political, diplomatic, naval, financial, and industrial strength of the country for the defeat of the enemy."

What lack of mere military unity could result in is exposed in Mr. H. W. Nevins's version of the Dardanelles Campaign. His method, in contrast to that of Philip Gibbs, is confessedly almost to obliterate the individual soldier from consideration. But perhaps Masfield's Gallipoli fills up

this human vacancy, and Mr. Nevinson is justified in devoting himself to the pious task of pointing out the potential strategic strength of this ill-starred campaign. Viscount French's 1914 covers slightly more ground than Maurice's survey, and is more in the nature of an official explanation and personal apology. It leads up to the famous ammunition expose of 1915, which caused the collapse of Asquithian hesitancy and the triumph of the dual alliance of Northcliffe and Lloyd George in the new coalition government. Viscount French's justifications have been criticized in England, and Mr. Asquith himself has questioned their faithfulness to fact. But on this side of the Atlantic one may well suggest that the politics of 1914 are as dead as the heroes of Mons and Ypres, and the skeleton of the controversy has about it merely that indefinable bad odor suggestive of the grave. The political starting-point of all these reminiscences, recriminations, and reinvestigations is the subject of Professor Hazen's *Fifty Years of Europe*. It is the latter half of his *Modern European History*, brought up to date by a chapter which bears irritating evidence of having been written during the war. The sins of Germany are unduly emphasized by the omission of an account of the reproachable elements in the policy of the Triple Entente, both in international affairs, and in their separate private concerns. There is the skeleton of accurate narrative, but not the living breath of truth. If Professor Hazen could not write about the invasion of Belgium with that fine restraint which characterizes his brief description of the British occupation of Egypt, it was at least incumbent upon him to characterize the latter act with the same sort of hearty moral indignation he heaps upon the former. History does not exist where there is a discrimination between "those to whom we wish to be just, and those to whom we do not wish to be just." The military men have set the historians the proper tone for treating the late enemy, for they were close enough to actual warfare to know how dangerous it is to establish headquarters in glass houses.

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS. By Walter Pater.
150 pages. Boni and Liveright.

The literary evaluations which men of letters put upon the product of their contemporaries, under the journalistic requirements of short-focus examination, are frequently of more than transient interest, particularly when the subject of the review subsequently attains a secure niche in the corridor of fame. There is, therefore, ample justification for the reprinting of these reviews of Pater, with their appraisals of such figures as Lemaitre, Wilde, Symonds, and George Moore. Pater clearly considered the critical review no place for the selfish display of his own talents, and these brief studies are marked throughout with restraint and with poise. For the most part, there is quiet, considered

utterance, with now and then a flash of unreserved enthusiasm, as in the instance of Arthur Symonds, whom he hails for his "gift of lucidity." "In this new poet the rich poetic vintage of our time has run clear at last," he affirms. The opening essay, on *Aesthetic Poetry*, is most emphatically in the manner of the stylist. Writing of the "strange delirious part" which the things of nature played in the sensuousness of medieval poetry, he says: "A passion of which the outlets are sealed, begets a tension of nerve, in which the sensible world comes to one with a reinforced brilliancy and relief—all redness is turned to blood, all water to tears." There is keen analysis in Coleridge as a Theologian—"with a true speculative talent he united a false kind of subtlety and a full share of vanity"—and there are illuminative paragraphs on such antagonistic topics as Wordsworth and Wilde.

VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS. By S. G. Tallentyre. 270 pages. Putnam.

Under this title S. G. Tallentyre, author of *The Life of Voltaire* and *The Friends of Voltaire*, offers gleanings from a published correspondence filling eighteen volumes in the omnibus edition. By reducing so large a subject matter to such comprehensible limits, Mr. Tallentyre gives the impression that he is seeking to reawaken interest in the sardonic figure upon which he has already lavished so much time, and that he has in mind the average reader, who must be tempted with small morsels before he can stomach the entire Voltarian banquet. But is the average reader to be so ensnared? Does the average reader read Voltaire or wish to read him? We may ask with equal impunity if the average reader reads Dr. Johnson. And are not Voltaire and Dr. Johnson alike in this respect that they remain for him figures of history rather than figures of literature?

The book under discussion, whose immediate aim it must be to make us better acquainted with Voltaire the man, fails to accomplish its purpose. We see many sides of the author of these letters, but so desultory is our view bound to be, considering the vast bulk from which these few selections are taken, and so often perfunctory is the mood behind the pen, that the resultant and composite picture is too faint for recognition. All this is harsh criticism for a work that shows a great deal of love and sympathy on the part of the translator, who exhibits a keen desire to present all phases of Voltaire's life. But the "gentlest art" of letter writing must be practiced by natures more intimate and less formal than Voltaire's if it is at the best to offer more than glimpses of the writer. Voltaire is at all times grandiloquent and oratorical, and the effect is that he wrote his letters, not for the special benefit of the persons addressed, but for a vast and admiring audience more easily reached through other media.

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Co-author of "Stakes of the War," etc.

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Books of the Fortnight

- The Science of Labour and Its Organisation**, by Josefa Ioteyko (199 pages; Dutton), is an essay in industrial psycho-physiology. It examines four topics: the human motor, the principles of scientific management, the power and aptitude for work, and Belgian methods of technical education. Review later.
- An American Labor Policy**, by Julius Henry Cohen (110 pages; Macmillan), expresses the hope that Mr. Gompers and Mr. Rockefeller may be brought together through contracts arrived at by collective bargaining and enforceable at law.
- Introduction to Economics**, by John Roscoe Turner (641 pages; Scribner), like the textbooks of Seager, Tausig, Fetter, and Ely, takes the data of economics for granted and deals with the application of "economic principles." It differs somewhat from recent discussions in its emphasis on productive capacity, and its almost complete neglect of the theories of consumption and distribution.
- The Politics of Industry**, by Glenn Frank (214 pages; Century), modestly purports to be "a footnote to the social unrest." The author is an associate editor of the *Century Magazine*. He has concerned himself not with the "rank and file, but with those anonymous liberals of the business world—the men who may perchance be the pioneers of the new order of business and industry." Review later.
- The Old Freedom**, by Francis Neilson (176 pages; Huebsch), is a plea for a system of voluntary cooperation and a return to "unlimited individualism," on the ground that this is essential if the cause of humanity and the brotherhood of man is to triumph. Review later.
- The German Empire, 1867-1914**, by William Harbutt Dawson (2 vols., 1031 pages; Macmillan), is a survey of Germany's political history by a scholar of first rank who had in mind "less the limited circle of scholars and students than those 'general readers,' who wish to form their opinions on foreign politics independently, intelligently, and therefore on adequate information. Review later.
- Prussianism and Pacifism**, by Poultney Bigelow (273 pages; Putnam), is a study of the two Wilhelms between the Revolutions of 1848 and 1918, by one who presumes upon the privileges of old acquaintance to write an account of Herr W. Hohenzollern's personal and public career.
- What Is America?** by Edward Allsworth Ross (159 pages; Century), is an elementary disquisition on the make-up of the American people, with respect to the family, government, education, business, labor, and so forth. Review later.
- A History of the Jews**, by Paul Goodman (164 pages; Dutton), presents in a compact narrative the development of the Jews as a Kulturvolk from the time of Abraham to that of Zangwill.
- Zionism and the Future of Palestine**, by Morris Jastrow (159 pages; Macmillan), is a criticism of political Zionism. The author fears that "a Jewish State would simply mean a glorified ghetto, narrow in outlook, undemocratic in organization, and that it may well turn out to be reactionary in its tendencies." Review later.
- Past and Present**, by Israel Friedlander (488 pages; Ark Publishing Company, Cincinnati), is a collection of Jewish Essays published from time to time by the author since 1899. It attempts to interpret the events of the past in the light of the present and vice-versa. The twenty-eight papers range from *The Political Ideal of the Prophets to Palestine and the World War*. Review later.
- Mind and Conduct**, by Henry Rutgers Marshall (236 pages; Scribner), treats certain problems of conduct in relation to the new psychology of behavior. This book contains the substance of the Morse Lectures at the Union Theological Seminary in 1919. Review later.
- Letters to Teachers**, by Hartley B. Alexander (253 pages; Open Court Publishing Co.; Chicago), collects a number of papers on educational reconstruction, chiefly addressed to Nebraska teachers, by the professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska who is now President elect of the American Philosophical Association. Mr. Alexander is the author, among other books, of *Poetry and the Individual* (1907), *Liberty and Democracy* (1918), and two volumes in the *Mythology of All Races* series; and he has been a frequent contributor to *THE DIAL*. Review later.
- Carnegie Pensions**, by J. McKeen Cattell (253 pages; Science Press), sets forth the position of those who are adverse to the Carnegie Foundation's plan of academic pensioning. It includes extracts from 214 letters from university and college professors, an article on the history of the foundation by Professor Jastrow, and the reports of the American Association of University Professors. Review later.
- All the World**, by Charles M. Sheldon (203 pages; Doran), was first read to the author's congregation, and then published as a serial in the *Christian Herald*. It treats journalistically America's contemporary social issues, not in the fashion of the intellectually exuberant Mr. Wells but in the sincerely commonplace manner of a very evangelical Harold Bell Wright.
- Why We Fail as Christians**, by Robert Hunter (180 pages; Macmillan), essays to show the implications of the teachings of Jesus in present-day society. The obstacles to a genuine Christian life encountered by Tolstoi serve the author as a starting-point of discussion.
- Roosevelt: His Life, Meaning, and Messages**, edited by William Griffith (4 vols., 1447 pages; Current Literature Publishing Company), contains his principal speeches, letters, and magazine articles from 1899 to the date of his death. The fourth volume is a biography by Eugene Thwing. Review later.
- Theodore Roosevelt**, by Russell J. Wilbur (40 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is an appraisal of Roosevelt in sonnet and quatorzain. The thirty-eight pieces, with four exceptions, were written during the month from June 23 to July 24, 1918. They deal with the plitudinarian, the four-square man, the man of culture, and many other Rooseveltian selves, and show a rare combination of acute criticism, genial sympathy, and fine humor which suggests an American apotheosis of the now redoubtable Lytton Strachey. The greater part of the verses appeared in the *New Republic* last summer, and Mr. William Hard appropriately writes an introduction that makes one eager to see more of the work of Father Wilbur.

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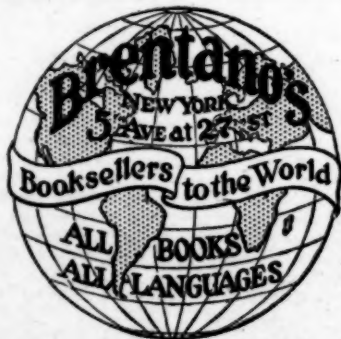
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Social Studies of the War, by Elmer T. Clark (283 pages; Doran), are the result of two extended trips in Europe by a journalist who was commissioned to conduct intensive social investigations for the daily and religious press of America, and the Y. M. C. A. The author asserts that he approaches all questions from the standpoint of the average man on the streets—a due apology for a certain gossipy naivete and a lack of critical discernment. Review later.

A History of the Great War, by Bertram Benedict (Vol. 1, 412 pages; Bureau of National Literature; New York), marks one of the current attempts to write the history that cannot be adequately written for many years to come. The format of the volume suggests that it is intended for house-to-house vending by enterprising young collegians. Unquestionably the book is readable. Review later.

Trailing the Bolsheviki, by Carl W. Ackerman (308 pages; Scribner), records a newspaper correspondent's experiences in Siberia. Apparently Mr. Ackerman did not get within shooting distance of his prey, but he has an interesting report to make on political and military conditions in Siberia, with respect especially to the activities of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Japanese. Review later.

The Way of the Eagle, by Major Charles J. Biddle (297 pages; Scribner), extends conventionality to the skies and succeeds in making the Air Service as matter-of-fact as the Quartermaster Corps.

Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby, by Bernard Holland (251 pages; Longmans, Green), is a biography of a little known Catholic author who took no part in public affairs during his life and who has been forty years dead. Digby's more important books—*The Broadstone of Honour*, *Mores Catholici*, and *Comfitum*—and perhaps some of his verse, deserve more attention than they have received from the reading public; but it is a question whether this can be secured through a biography, except as it persuades Catholic readers. Digby's books were markedly autobiographical; and they, along with this sympathetic Memoir, should be known to all students of the Oxford Movement.

New Voices, by Marguerite Wilkinson (409 pages; Macmillan), adds another volume about contemporary poets and poetry to the crowding line of critical anthologies, treatises, manifestoes, and year books. Better organized than its predecessors—for it is divided between the *Technique of Contemporary Poetry* (Pattern, Organic Rhythm, Images and Symbols, Diction, Conservatism, Radicalism) and its "Spirit" (Democracy, Patriotism, Love, Religion, Nature, Personality, Children)—it is nevertheless, like many of them, too indiscriminately catholic in its admissions and groupings to illuminate the field very brightly—except for culture clubs. It is illustrated by 9 photographs and 210 poems, which (being grouped by subject matter) develop some quaint fellowships. Review later.

Great Artists and Their Works, by Great Authors, compiled by Alfred Mansfield Brooks (267 pages; Marshall Jones; Boston), presents more than a hundred excerpts about art, or about works of art, from the writings of a varied list of men of letters—from Homer to Lord Bryce, from Plutarch to Walter Crane. An uneven anthology that attests far-ranging if not always discriminating rambles in literature. A stimulating source-book in the philosophy of art. Review later.

Hopes and Fears for Art, by William Morris (218 pages; Longmans, Green), reprints in a "pocket edition" five insufficiently known lectures: *The Lesser Arts*, *The Art of the People*, *The Beauty of Life*, *Making the Best of It*, and *The Prospects of Architecture in Civilization*. Review later.

Robbia Heraldry, by Allan Marquand (illustrated, 310 pages, boxed; Princeton University Press), is another of the scholarly essays in fine-arts research that have lately come from Princeton. The text is authoritative and well ordered; the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Main Currents of Spanish Literature, by J. D. M. Ford (284 pages; Holt), presents in small compass a history of Spanish literature. Though the book may not succeed in arousing great interest in *The Cid*, it will undoubtedly make Ibáñez more intelligible. Review later.

The Death of Turnus, by W. Warde Fowler (158 pages; Longmans, Green), succeeds his *Aeneas at the Site of Rome* with the text of the twelfth book of the *Aeneid* and the commentator's seasoned "observations" on its background and implications. The reflections are those of a liberal humanist who is sometimes erudite to the verge of pedantry.

Dangerous Days, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (400 pages; Doran), is another of this author's capably executed novels, although lacking in the freshness which has characterized some of its predecessors. It strikes the martial chords without evoking any new harmony, and falls somewhat behind *The Amazing Interlude* (Doran) in invention.

The Choice, by Maurice Weyl (356 pages; Kennerley), is a first novel in which the author has made a serious attempt to deal with the casual forces which impel young people into dubious marriages before they have reached years of discretion. Both the style and the material suffer somewhat from over-simplification. Mr. Weyl credits his readers with no more sophistication than he allows his heroine.

More E. K. Means (369 pages; Putnam) is a second selection from Mr. Means' inimitable dialect stories of the Southern village Negro, the legitimate heir to the "laughter and song" of Uncle Remus' extinct plantation darkey. These blacks bear somewhat the same relation to the conventionalized Negro of our contemporary fiction that the Irish peasants of Synge and Lady Gregory bear to the stage Irishman of romance. Review later.

Civilization: Tales of the Orient, by Ellen N. La Motte (267 pages; Doran), is a series of atmospheric and effective, though sometimes overcharged, short-story studies of the West as it meets the East in China and the tropics. They are so simply and directly written that their romance seems observed rather than contrived, and that their pathology is entirely credible. Review later.

In Defense of Harriet Shelley, by "Mark Twain" (illustrated, 405 pages; Harper), is the first essay in a volume that reprints seventeen of the most popular papers of the humorist. The volume includes his memorial poem to Olivia Susan Clemens and a biographical sketch by Samuel E. Moffett.

"Same Old Bill, eh Mable!" by E. Streeter (illustrated, 120 pages; Stokes), the third and final volume of the immortal rookies' vernacular letters, carries him over the top in France and into Germany after the signing of the Armistice.

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